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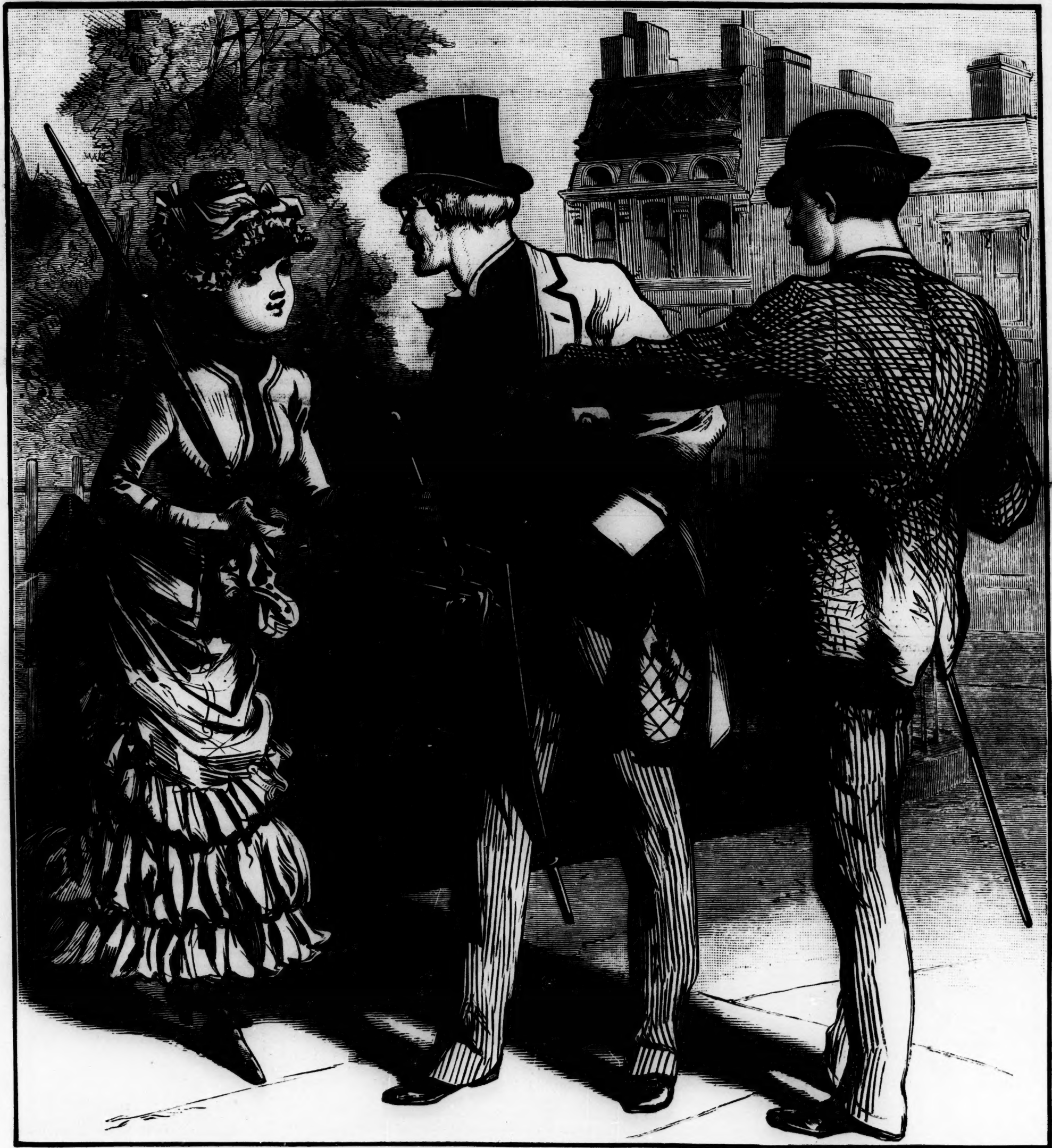
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

VOLUME XLIII.—No. 318.
Price Ten Cents.



THE SIREN OF THE SWELL MOB.

THE NEW AND NEAT DEVICE OF METROPOLITAN THIEVERY BY WHICH THE UNWARY'S POCKETS ARE DEPLETED.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, October 27, 1883.

1,000,000 READERS EVERY WEEK!

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

Electrotypes and display type will hereafter be inserted in the advertising columns of the POLICE GAZETTE at an advance of 32½ per cent over regular rates.

As an advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unequalled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of NINE MILLION COPIES.

Correspondence solicited and estimates furnished by the Publisher,

RICHARD K. FOX.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertisements, per line, per week, \$1.50
Large Type or Electrotypes, per line, per week, 2.00
Reading Notices, per line, per week, 2.50

PLUNGER WALTON got in over his head at the Cesarewitch.

Mr. in Chinese, means America. Oh, my! Does it though?

ANOTHER Southern tobacco factory has found an appropriate end in smoke.

POLKA dot carpet is coming into fashion. It ought to be popular for ball rooms at any rate.

WHAT would the daily papers do for sensations if they hadn't the prize ring to pitch into?

A BANANA has been raised in Florida as big as a log of wood. It is to be presented to Talmage.

EUGENE TART is being sued for breach of promise by a girl whom he courted and soured on.

SPECULATING in brick is now very heavy. When a drop comes in that market somebody will be hurt.

HARLEM rejoices in the possession of a female horse thief. Who says our suburbs are not becoming civilized?

SARA BERNHARDT is said to have cut *Lady Macbeth* to suit herself. If she has, she must have made a very thin part of it, indeed.

A NEW method of disinheriting has been invented in England. It is for the father to scratch the name of the disinherited one out of the family Bible.

GOATS' milk is now a fashionable beverage in New York. Its effect on the complexion is said to be surprising. The stomach is yet to be heard from.

MRS. DAVID DAVIS is reported to be the happiest of brides. She certainly has more to be happy about, in live weight, than any other bride we know of.

MRS. LANGRY it is reported will live in a flat this time in New York. Can it be true that when Freddie said she was sweet enough to eat he meant to try it?

THERE is a ladies' club in London with one thousand members, and incredible as it may seem, no one knows what the club was organized for or what happens at its meetings.

CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE is evidently having a good time in America. It would be interesting to know how much of it is presented to the Chief Justice and how much to Mr. Coleridge.

AN Illinois dentist is so fond of draw poker that his passion has landed him in jail for trying to persuade another man to pay his losses while the other man aforesaid was asleep.

THE hotel beats are having a tough time of it in New York. The hotel detectives have spotted them and got them down so fine that they can't get their noses inside of a dining room. If all our metropolitan industries are to be thus ruthlessly encroached on by the bloated monopolists no one need be surprised if New York becomes a second rate city before long.

KEELY assures his stockholders that the famous motor is all right. So it is—for Keely. If the stockholders are not all left in the end it won't be the great inventor's fault.

ONE of the newest of our enterprising newspapers is reported to be organizing a corps of interviewers to work the seaside resorts during cold weather, and take down what the wild waves say.

THEY claim out in Chicago to have discovered that the famous Chinese dwarf, Che Mah, is not Chinese at all, and he is already commencing to look bigger to the deceived and indignant public.

JANE JOHNSON, aged 84, is the champion drunkard of England. She has been up over 200 times for drunkenness, and says if she lasts to a hundred she will discount John B. Gough as a terrible example.

THE Marquis of Lorne is to be made a Knight of the Garter by his mother-in-law. He has been tied to his wife's apron strings so long that a change to another part of the family raiment will doubtless prove acceptable.

BONANZA MACKEY avers that he can't get interested in a game of poker now as he used to when he was poor. That is because he is afraid some one will win something from him. He probably knows now how the other fellows used to feel.

AN insane woman over in Jersey committed suicide with SES in cold cash in her hand. You would never catch a New York girl giving her chances of a fall outfit up like that. They don't make them crazy enough for such excesses of insanity here.

THE American Institute Fair, now open in this city, is a centre of attraction for thousands daily. The arrangement of the exhibits is more perfect than ever before, and the exhibits themselves, in variety and character, surpass in interest all previous displays.

AN Auckland, New Zealand, paper ought to be awarded a basket of buns for its original headlines. It puts "Hatched" over births, "Matched" over marriages, and "Despatched" over deaths. The inference is that the Auckland editor hails from Chicago.

A BALTIMORE quack has made his start as a physician by driving his first patient raving mad. If only all quacks would begin in the same way the public would feel itself a little safer. The trouble with most of them is, that they do a great deal of killing before they give themselves away.

ONE of those interesting correspondents who are always writing to us about things we have no business with wants to know how he can best keep bees. If he can't keep them by chaining them up or locking them in a burglar proof safe, we would advise him to hire a man to do the job by contract.

A FELLOW out West wrote such an accurate article for a newspaper on the methods by which banks are swindled that a detective arrested him on suspicion, and found that he was one of the fraternity; sure enough. It don't pay to tell all you know, or be too much wiser than other folks, sometimes.

A NIAGARA FALLS hotel keeper is said to have driven a horse which had become useless in his service into the river and stoned and beaten the wretched brute until it succumbed to the current and was carried over the cataract. It is a pity there are not enough decent people in Niagara Falls to send that hotel keeper on the same journey.

THE youth who rings in his festive funny business on his paternal progenitor before he makes his will—if he has anything to will—had better quit right off or he'll be badly left. A Detroit man disinherited one of his sons because he was "unfilial, ungrateful and abusive." If those offences found general recognition among American fathers there would be more cutting off with a shilling here than would be found in a whole library of English novels.

A CLERGYMAN had a favorite and very intelligent dog who committed a grievous fault one Sunday morning. His master, on returning from church "did not beat him, but took hold of him and talked to him most bitterly, most severely. He talked on and on for a long time in the same serious and reproachful strain," and the dog was so deeply impressed with his own total depravity that he refused all food, pined away, and died in the course of a day or two. This story is told in the *London Spectator* by the reverend gentleman himself, and we are now awaiting for affidavits from responsible sources in order to forward him the POLICE GAZETTE's little hatchet with the diamond handle.

THE question of the morality or immorality of the manly art is likely to be tested in the courts soon. The crusade against fistie exercises is increasing in vehemence and seems likely to last for a while yet.

THERE is a man in Wisconsin who, whenever his wife does not come up to his views of marital duty, chips a piece off of her with an axe. She is likely to have things down very fine by the time he gets through with her.

VICTORIA WOODHULL is suing her latest hubby for a divorce in England. Poor Vicky is being dreadfully bored by her search for a congenial spouse, but she says she will be suited yet, if the stock of men don't run out.

A MAN is worth \$1,000 up in Maine—at least that is what it costs to kill one there. Maine ought to be a popular State hereafter with gentlemen who have grudges to work out and money enough to pay for the gratification.

"WHAT shall the poor eat?" is the subject of a new book. "How shall they get anything to eat" is just now a subject of more importance to the poor. Give them the money and they will need no advice as to what to buy with it.

A MAN named Schimmelpennig has been arrested for robbing coal cars. A man with such a name would not hesitate at any villany. Instead of sending him to jail the court ought to re-christen him and give him another chance.

CHIEF clerk Hugh Donnelly, of the Court of General Sessions, is spoken of for a police justiceship. With two police justices like Mr. Donnelly and Assistant District Attorney Allen the dry bones of the Bench will get a fearful rattling up, and no mistake.

A CRUSADE has been started against that champion Jersey beverage, Apple Jack. If Jack ever gets a chance at the crusaders they will be likely to take a back seat for a while at least, unless the average crusader's head is more durable than the skulls of ordinary mortals.

MRS. PHILOMENA GAUMENSCHLITZER has been deserted by her husband. She is looking for him, and proposes, when she catches him, to use her name as a club for purposes of chastisement. Gaumenschlitzer's relatives are very anxious to know if he has made his will.

THE wife of Lieut. Greely, the Arctic explorer, is described as a very beautiful woman, tall and well made, with the complexion of a tea rose. She may now expect no end of husbands whose wives possess none of those enviable characteristics to be started off in search of the North Pole without delay.

THERE is a likelihood that Assistant District Attorney Henry C. Allen will be appointed to a police justiceship. It would be to the advantage of New York if all our police magistracies were as well filled as Mr. Allen will fill his. We need brains in those courts, and have needed them for many a year, as the records of the courts themselves show. Strangers have frequently commented with wonder on the manner in which our bench is filled, not from a class qualified to occupy it, but from one which scarcely possesses a qualification for it. Yet we have gone on in the old way till such news as the appointment of Mr. Allen sounds almost too good to be true.

PRIZE FIGHTING AND GLOVE FIGHTING.

From the N. Y. Daily News, Oct. 10.

The Times to-day publishes the following in an editorial:

"One of the most prominent of the alders and abettors of prize fighting was present at the Staten Island fight, where he acted as timekeeper. This person, one W. E. Harding, has of late been widely advertised, in connection with prize fights, as the representative of Mr. R. K. Fox, the latter being well known as the chief supporter of the ring in this country. The arrest of Harding and his imprisonment in the Penitentiary would do more to put a stop to prize fighting than would the arrest of a dozen of the ignorant brutes whom he invites to mail one another. We shall see whether the immunity which Mr. R. K. Fox enjoys extends also to his representative. If Harding is not arrested, the conclusion that, like Fox and Hill, he is a person whom the authorities do not care to touch will be inevitable."

The law of this State says that one witnessing a prize fight is guilty as a participant. Without discussing the difference between a battle with gloves and a battle with naked fists, which the unlettered and bull-necked sport understands if the Times' writer does not, we desire to ask the Times a question: If it desires indictments under the State law regarding prize fights, why has it not demanded the indictments of Roscoe Conkling, Hugh Gardner, Alexander S. Williams, Inspector Thorne, and a half dozen of its own reporters, who were in Madison Square Garden to see John L. Sullivan "knock out" Charles Mitchell under precisely the same rules, and with timekeepers, referee, prize money, etc., similar to the Pendergast-Daly fight on Staten Island on Monday?

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

KEPT on file—rust.

WHERE are the fragments of the boy who burst into tears?

POLITICIANS go up the ladder of fame by the rounds of drinks.

NOT a spotless character—the sun.—*Ex.* [Somebody should knock the spots out of it, then.]

THE first man to open a bottle was the fisherman in the Arabian Nights who let out the Genius.

A MOBILE merchant objects to being called a millionaire, simply because his name happened to be Damrich.

IT is the fashion now for dudes to eat dried apples. They are so "awfully swell," you know. That is, the dried apples are.

A YOUNG man declined to umpire a baseball match played by girls, unless the femi-nines would muzzle their finger-nails.

NEW YORK and Brooklyn are now the great American Siamese twins. The bridge being the ligament which holds them together.

THE Empress of Austria wears a train thirty feet long, and when she walks up stairs the disheartened Emperor goes in the elevator.

"FORTUNE knocks at every man's door once in a life," but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear him.

OVER study is driving the children of Paris insane. Better that than to wait until they get older and to be driven insane by French ballet girls.

AN Irishman watching a game of baseball was sent to the grass by a foul which struck him under the fifth rib. "A foul, was it. Och, sure, I thought it was a mule."

OLD Gent—"Ah, Mrs., did you keep a diary during your visit to the country?" Mrs. B., indignantly—"No, sir, I didn't. The family bought milk from the neighbors."

WHEN a Chicago girl goes into a shoestore with a sweetheart she winks at the clerk and asks for "Langtry twos." Then they take her into the back yard and try them on.

A MAN had just said to a friend, "Let's take another—" when his wife turned the corner, but his duty to his wife was not forgotten—"view of the political situation," he added.

A WISE lady of this city put a pinch of snuff on all her window sills at night, and when some burglars came to rob her they sneezed so hard that it woke her and prevented the robbery.

THE oldest inhabitants remember so badly and lie so well they do not get on well together. When they talk together about "the days of yore" it is common to hear one say "yore another."

How doth the little boosey bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather jim-jams all the day
From every whiskey sour.

"ROASTBEEFLAMB MUTTON AND HAM," said the girl who "waits on the table" at the Isle of Shoals. "Well," said the old gentleman, "I've never tasted it, but you may bring me some and I'll see what it's like."

A LARGE yellow advertisement of Stomach Bitters, on a fence at Leesburg, caused a horse to run away and severely hurt its driver. When a horse is intelligent enough to read a patent medicine advertisement it ought to be killed.

"I AM trying to oreak myself of slang phrases," said the Centralville girl, "and have been for some time. But actually I used the word 'racket' to-day before I thought, and I'm so ashamed of myself. You won't give it away, will you?"

THERE are swinging gates, and swinging gaiters. The former are the kind used by young men when making love to their girls, and the latter are the kind used by the same young men when the old gentleman and a bulldog catch them at it.

A CONNECTICUT crank, giving his name as Frederick Goddard and his home the "offakirts of the world," sends a pencil likeness of himself to the POLICE GAZETTE. He says they call him "Dirty Fred," but that he doesn't care for that so long as they don't call him late to supper.

THREE men liquoring up made the following quaint remarks:—No. 1, after partaking of a wee drop of "Islay," remarked, "I never tasted such good whiskey any more." No. 2 followed suit, and remarked, "So did I neither;" and No. 3 was not to be outdone, so he replied, "Neither did I too." Nice witnesses for a law case.

WHEEL OR WOA!
He mounted a six-foot by high-cle,
A murderous-looking ve-high-cle;
His name it was Mike
He fell in a dyke
Sustaining some hurts int-Mike-al.
Now, when he got out of this pickle,
He cleaned up his bucking ve-high-cle,
This queerest of Micks
Then vented some hics—
He'd oiled something more than his 'ic-le.
The end of this yarn must now be ickle,
For that was the end of the ve-high-cle
Mick drank malr than mick-le,
His stomach got fickle,
Lost his head and his wheel in that spree ickle.
The last verse of this romance reels,
It's dogg'rel most stag'ringly steals,
For weal or for woa,
I'll dam up its flow,
And put on the "woa!" on the wheels.

"No," said Mrs. Shoddy, "I don't care so much because I never liked children: I never had any children, you know. But I should like to have one, so that I could have a nurse in a lace cap to take care of it when I go to the seashore. It's so stylish, you know." THE GAZETTE would like to know why Mrs. S. goes babyless when New York is so full of infants that they have to give them away or kill them. At any rate one can be had for a few dollars.

STAGE WHISPERS.

More Light Shed on Many Dark and Dirty Places.

Joaquin Miller, Mrs. Langtry, Edith Blande and Others—How Johnny Rogers is Piling up a Fortune.

AND now it is announced that John L. Sullivan, in imitation of "Mollie" Anderson, has declined an introduction to Senator Tabor on account of the Senator's reputation.

EVERYBODY is dying to know who the actress of Wallack's company is who wrote to Austin, the Canadian masher, making an appointment with him at the Continental hotel in this city. The guessers so far unite on two names, the fair possessor of either of which is quite capable of such an act.

THE utter smash and collapse of Charles Coghlan hasn't surprised those who know the dimensions of his ability. He is a picturesque and graceful actor, with no soul, no personal magnetism, no fire, no anything, to recommend him to an audience of natural and unaffected spectators. The elegant fit of his clothes and his careful enunciation endear him to dudes and dudines—but that's all there ever was in him.

HARRY SARGENT has at last got a partner whose name is given as Caddigan. Some time ago Harry boarded at the Tremont House, on Broadway, the name of the proprietor of which was also Caddigan. It was generally understood that Harry did not pay his board, and that the Tremont House Caddigan "choked his hat," as the phrase goes. If this partner of his is the same Caddigan, and Harry is making up for his delinquencies as a boarder by admitting to a share in his losses with Boucault, then indeed is Harry's gratitude a shining example to the numberless ingrates of the "profession."

It is indeed high time that poor dear old Madame Modjeska carried out her promise to retire at once into the San Francisco Home for Aged and Respectable Females. Her extreme antiquity must have been terribly affected by the recent cases of sudden death in the company. First that of Mr. Bowman and then that of her property man. No wonder she accepts it as a warning, and keeps her bed until she goes on the stage at night. When one gets to be as old as Modjeska, and has as much to answer for, it is only natural for one to wince when Death strikes anywhere in the neighborhood.

THE true inwardness of the marriage of George Gale, the nigger minstrel, to Miss Trumbull, of Indianapolis, has just come out. He has demanded of his father-in-law a situation worth \$2,500, and threatens, otherwise, to put his wife on the variety stage. This is the usual "actor's way" of raising the wind, and Gale, for a \$25 a week performer, is really too modest in his offer to the old man. The old man, by last accounts, not only refused to find the required "soft snap" for his minstrel son-in-law, but treated him gratuitously to a tremendous licking. Perhaps after all Gale wishes he had done his blowing in another quarter.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS, having comfortably buried her husband, Captain Scott (who departed this life of delirium tremens in Australia), is about to devastate the English speaking universe with a series of "farewell" performances. But before she comes out here she is going to make a "starring" tour through Germany. Thus will the intelligent foreigner be treated to a fair impression of the sort of thing we suffer over here at the hands of his Rheas and Modjeskas and Fanny Janascheks. The balance of trade has been against the English speaking races too long, and it is high time that our own dramatic antiquities pervaded Europe with "the slight foreign accent" to which we are getting more and more exposed every season.

DICK MANSFIELD, the overrated ass who thought that the whole universe was looking on breathlessly to see him repeat his "astounding triumph" in burlesquing colic, has met with a singular physical experience in San Francisco. It seems that when Dick struck Frisco he wore a \$4 hat. After being fêted and petted, before he made his appearance, the dimensions grew to 11½. When he read the criticisms of the San Francisco press upon his performance in "A Partisan Romance," the figures rapidly dwindled, and a well known hatter of the Californian metropolis declares that when he started eastward he could wear, with great comfort, a 6½ Derby. Truly the air of the Pacific slope does work wonders!

It is a very cold day when Ham. Griffin, father-in-law, guardian, and general manager of "Mollie" Anderson, is to be counted among the left. The London engagement of his charming stepdaughter, as everybody knows, has turned out a grim and ghastly failure. But the canny doctor has struck a new racket and is working it for all it is worth. The London Stereoscopic company has a habit of flooding the country with portraits of celebrities, whether they be celebrated beauties, celebrated pugilists, celebrated actresses, celebrated horses, or celebrated anything. England has a fresh "photo" craze every week. So the doctor proposed to the Stereoscopic company a Mary Anderson "boom," and now reaps a tremendous harvest as the result of it, every sixpenny picture of "Mollie" turning in a royalty of twopenny to the ingenious physician, her stepfather.

THE latest dodge of the Sheeney clique, who now boldly call it the "Frohmans' Madison Square theatre," to catch free advertising, is to make one of their companies play at a special matinee for the benefit of the Journalists' club in Philadelphia. If the journalists' club, of Philadelphia, is anything like the newspaper clubs of other cities, it is a concern to which none but newspaper dudes and hangers on belong. Your real journalist despises such silly affectations, and is content to meet his brethren socially and convivially without all the fuss and flummery of a "Club." No decent body of newspaper men would sell themselves out in a corporate capacity for a "benefit." In Buffalo, where there is a reputable press club, all its members, in the service of the *Courier* retired, because it was mendacious enough to accept a "benefit" at the hands of Rheas. No, gentlemen Journalists of Philadelphia, don't be gammoned into regularly puffing all the speculations of the Sheeney clique by this imprudent and patron-

izing "benefit." Let actors, in their decay, appeal to public charity, for they are, by the common law, mere irresponsible vagabonds. But newspaper men, with all their faults, have not learned the trick of saddling the public compassion with the sustenance of their sick or the burial of their dead.

POOR Mantell! As soon as he got to New York and made a hit, the Sheeney syndicate got hold of him and promptly converted him into one of their celebrated three-year mummies. Instead of holding off until he should be requested to become a member of Wallack's or the Union Square company to play in New York, have a series of good parts and take a leading position as an actor, Mantell has agreed, under the fell influence of the Sheeney clique, to become a Hazel Kirker or a Rajahite. He will have to bow round the country as he did two years ago. He will be utterly lost to metropolitan fame just as it had marked him for its own; he will disappear exactly as did Dominic Murray and Frederick Bryton and Agnes Booth and Ada Gilman, and all the rest have disappeared; he will be at the beck and call of the entire family and confederation of Frohmans from Dan to Beersheba; he may even have to undergo the unspeakable degradation of having to support Miss Bridget Cavanagh, alias Georgia Cayvan, when the Sheeney syndicate carries out its bold design of starring her at the Madison Square theatre. Poor Mantell! Why didn't somebody get hold of him and put him on his guard before it was too late. If ever a splendid opportunity was thrown away for a Dead Sea apple of rotten and faithless promise, it was that which Mantell exchanged for the sugary deceptions of the Sheeney clique.

"JAKE," otherwise known Joaquin, Miller has sold still another version of his "49" to Bridget Sullivan, stage name Adah Richmond. It is the same story over again, with the same damnable iteration of half-crazed heroes and red headed soubrettes. By the way, there is a very funny story going the rounds at the expense of the long haired exponent of verbal Taffy, who calls himself the "Poet of the Sierras." He pretends to fall desperately in love, be it understood, with every woman he sees. Among his acquaintances are three married ladies who have had a good deal of innocent fun with him. A few days ago they were comparing notes, and one of them described with much merriment how "Jake" rung himself in on her late one evening, and flopping down on the parlor carpet, assured her in the most hyperbolic phrases that she was the only woman he had ever really loved. The two auditors of the diverting tale burst into simultaneous peals of laughter. It turned out that each of them had enjoyed an exactly similar interview with the "Poet of the Sierras," and had in turn received the same assurance that she was the only woman he had ever loved. "Jake" by the way, being hard up for a subject for his manifold out of town correspondence, had the rare good taste the other day to write up, at so much a line, the story of his astonishing goodness to his late wife, the singular person who made a living by lecturing in public on the poet's infirmities.

Now that Charlie Wing and Dave Peyser have come back from their disastrous experiment with a "Life of Christ and Views of the Holy Land" panorama, the murder is gradually coming out. It seems that Ed. Gilmore, who does a snug little business between acts as a money lender, and who has a keen eye for securities, got hold, as the collateral of a bad debt, of a lot of Oriental flats and wings. Somebody who pretends to know says that they were the relics of the Spanish spectacle produced several years ago at Niblo's Garden. At all events they included a lot of domed buildings painted on flats, palm trees, and other semi-tropical characteristics. Fearing that he was "stuck" on them, in a financial sense, Gilmore persuaded Wing and Peyser that they would make an admirable basis for a lecture on the Holy Land, claiming that a semi-dramatic religious entertainment, illustrated by such scenery, would be an immense hit. So Peyser and Wing put their accumulated savings and winnings—about \$1,000—into the scheme, got an unknown person to sandwich a lecture on Christ, and added a first part of red stocking female minstrelsy to balance the show and attract the irreligious. But, unfortunately for their enterprise, the church going public was frightened by the Red Stocking Females, while the "toughs" to a man gave the Life of Christ and the "Sacred Panorama" the widest possible kind of a berth. The plucky managers stood up against fate for three rounds, but the fourth—a \$19 house—knocked them out both of time and money, and now they are spending their credit and their holiday in drinking the deep damnation of Ned Gilmore.

JOHNNY ROGERS, who is stupidly set down as a crackbrained idiot, has made plenty of money with Minnie Palmer, by boldly developing the science of theatrical advertising to its legitimate extreme. That is, he carefully leaves out of his mind all considerations of delicacy, decency, respect for womanhood, regard for truth, and the rules which govern ordinary men and women in their usual intercourse. For example, he is Minnie Palmer's lover. Indeed, the statement that he is her husband has not been satisfactorily disproved. And yet to make money out of her in London he first deluged the British metropolis with portraits of Minnie in the act of pulling up her stockings and inviting somebody to "wait for me." His next feat was to placard the town with enormous facsimiles of the contract by which Minnie bound herself not to marry in five years. By and by he will repeat his great Chicago trick and allow a reporter to look through a hole in the wall at Minnie as she changes her underclothes in her dressing room, so as to put into print a full and complete description of the texture of Miss Palmer's skin and the actual condition of her physique. This is all perfectly legitimate from a theatrical point of view, and Rogers will by judiciously improving on it make a tremendous fortune. But if anybody "come forward with an intelligent discrimination between this and pimping we shall be glad to get it. The out and out pimp it is true, actually delivers his woman to a hirer, while the theatrical pimp only exhibits her to a crowd as nearly naked as he dare show her, and makes his money by exciting rather than by gratifying the sexual appetite of his patrons. But that is the only difference between them, and in every moral respect they are equally infamous.

EDITH BLANDE is back again in New York, and this is how a gushing New York correspondent announces the important fact: "Among the English actresses now in the city is Miss Edith Blande, the Mrs. Solomon who was deserted by little Teddy in favor of Lillian Russell. Mrs. S. went back in advance of Russell and company, a broken hearted woman, to her mother in London, sat down and waited to die;

but Gus Harris sought her out, persuaded her that work was good for broken hearts (as it is), and she went off in the provinces in the piece called 'Pluck.' In some of her journeyings she met our American impresario, Henry Abbey, and he, like the good hearted fellow he is, proved a very good friend. London was far from pleasant for her with Solomon and Russell promenading the Strand almost every day, so she and her mother have come over here for the winter. The young lady is as handsome as ever, and apparently reconciled once more to life and good clothes and a pleasant time generally. It is to be hoped Lillian Russell comes off as well, but it's rather doubtful. She is not made of such elastic material, and she has not got such a sheet anchor in her mother as Edith Blande has in hers." The truth is, that Edith Blande came out here in 1870 as a member of the Lydia Thompson troupe; that she was discharged for incompetency in Chicago; that she was engaged thirteen years ago to Dick Hallig, the scene painter, who thanks God hourly that he didn't marry her; that she and her "mother" (the downiest cove that ever wore petticoats) worked the Far West for eight years; that Edith, under another name, was the manageress of the Fort Scott (Kan.) opera house; that she had lover's if not husband's galore in those arcanian regions; that she went back to England and lived with Roland J. Barnett in some capacity or another; that she afterward lived with Eddie Solomon, knowing that he already had a lawful wife and three children, and that what she doesn't know about America, stage marriages and the social eccentricities of her profession, to put it very mildly, isn't worth knowing. For Heaven's sake, give us a better subject to flood with flapdoodle than the thoroughly seasoned party who calls herself Edith Blande.

MRS. LANGTRY is to bring her mother over with her as a chaperone this time. It is very evident that the long suffering Langtry has insisted that he ought to be paid more than \$15 a week as the price of his liberal concessions to his wife's spirit of independence. He probably raised the ante and demanded \$25 as a royalty for the exclusive use of Lilly's affections. Lilly, being of a frugal mind, like John Gilpin, thinks it will be cheaper to bring her mother with her and make use of that venerable parent as a cloak, than to pay her husband his terms and, in return, do openly just as she pleases. Lilly's mother, by the way, is named Le Breton, and is the wife of a clergyman, her husband being the Dean of St. Heliers, in Jersey. This fact will endear her to the American representative of the Episcopalian drama. Dr. Mallory, who will, no doubt, try and arrange sharing terms with Lilly. To the censorious critic who may object that it is a shamefully indecent and improper thing for the wife of a minister of the gospel to aid and abet her daughter in scandalously outraging common propriety, Mrs. Le Breton will be able to point out Dr. Mallory as a minister of the gospel who allows his paid agents not merely to publish the most atrocious lies in behalf of his shows, but as well to turn the solemn rite of marriage into a nigger minstrel burlesque. Gus Frohman, Dr. Mallory's right hand man, it will be remembered introduced one night, as a feature of the performance of the Callender Minstrels, the wedding of Emma Hyers to the leader of the band, the service being performed by a real minister of the gospel, of the Mallory type, and a queer supper being served afterward on the stage. By this theatrical use of the institution and ceremonial of marriage Dr. Mallory's agent cleared that evening \$350. It would be interesting to know what was Dr. Mallory's share of the receipts. No. Mrs. Le Breton may be doing a scandalous thing in covering her daughter's mysterious operations with her presence, but our own native Mallorys are way ahead of her as a source of injury and disgrace to the cause of the religion which they profess to serve, but which they forsake for the stage because the profits of the latter promised to be vastly more substantial.

THIS is the shameful sort of lie which the paid agents of the Rev. Dr. Mallory, a Christian minister, are circulating to "drum up business." "The double stage of the Madison Square theatre has a most formidable rival in the ingenious apparatus that will be used here next week in connection with 'Esmeralda,' and the quotation from a noted author is very apropos, 'Necessity's natural realm embodies a field consecrated to toil, when she plies her researches and studies out the requisite advancements and consequent developments.' Her latest achievement to the mimic stage is the 'Electro-transformation,' by which device the changes in the scenes are made with nearly the same alacrity as the famous double stage of the Madison Square theatre, which has made both fame and fortune for its owners. The working of this feature has only been given in four of the larger cities, and created intense interest, and our exposition happening at this time, prompted the managers to exhibit it here; so that it gives an opportunity to our visitors, as well as citizens, to witness an exact counterpart of the double stage. The cast of 'Esmeralda,' that is especially selected, is also the original one, so that the entire presentation of the play, in every particular, is identically the same as seen in New York during the successful run of nearly 400 nights. The cast will be found in the amusement advertisements." The stupidity of this lie is something wonderful. In the first place there is no such new mechanical device technically known as "Electro-transformation." In the second place, the Kentuckians inveigled into going to see it did not witness "an exact counterpart of the famous double stage." It was a sheer out-and-out catchpenny lie and swindle all the way through. If a poor devil sells in a shop something which he vendors and disposes of on the false pretence that it is something else, he is convicted of a fraud and thrown into prison. But when a clergyman uses the mystic language of a gift enterprise to cajole people into paying money to "witness" what he knows he can't show them, the out of town newspapers puff him for employing such "gifted" and "genial" agents. Bah! Barnum in his worst days would have scorned such dishonesty as that of which Parson Mallory is guilty.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN A POTATO PATCH.

A shocking case of murder and suicide occurred near Celina, Ohio, on Sept. 30. John Cantwell, an aged farmer, residing about five miles northeast of Celina, had been quarrelling with his wife for some time past. About noon she went into the garden to gather potatoes. Cantwell followed her and shot her in the head with a revolver, killing her instantly. He then placed the pistol to his head and fired two bullets into his own brain. He had often threatened to kill his wife. The Cantwells left a large family of children.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

He Acts as Adviser in a Canine Dispute, and Receives his Reward.

The Religious Editor, in the absence of the dog editor on his vacation, has for the last couple of weeks fulfilled the important functions of his office. The Religious Editor does not know very much about dogs, but he knows a great deal more about them now than he did. He knows so much about them now that if it is his good luck ever to get around again he hopes he may—

But never mind. Let it suffice that the man who asks him to take a seat now offers him an insult which can only be wiped out in blood.

Of course there is a reason for all this. There is always a reason for everything. The reason in the present instance assumes the form of a letter which was handed to the Religious Editor for his official attention, and which read as follows:

Richard K. Fox, Esq.,

SIR—I have been a constant reader of your papers for many years, and have never asked you a question until now. There is some kind of stuff that can be rubbed or put on a dog when you want him to fight which when the opposing dog tastes or gets a hold makes him sick. I want to know what it is. I have an English bull terrier, weight 28 pounds, and they have got a big bulldog, weight 80 pounds, I want to match him to fight against for \$1,000 a side. I believe if you will send me the receipt I can whip the dog. I know that you are a sporting man, and know all about these things, so please let me know by letter. You will find stamp inclosed for reply. Tell me how to use it and when, how long before the fight, etc. Yours, with respect, Direct to C. S. CONLEY, Roseville, Logan Co., Arkansas.

Having, in the course of a couple of days, contrived to read this important epistle, the Religious Editor proceeded to reply to it. As he has previously confessed he does not know much about dogs, but it being his duty to tell Mr. C. S. Conley, of Arkansas, what to do, of course he did it. The Religious Editor does his duty always and under every possible arrangement of circumstances, and there isn't a bartender in New York who will not swear to it.

But to resume.

The desire of Mr. Conley, of Arkansas, being manifestly to so prepare his own dog for the combat—that the other dog would not have the ghost of a show, and the value of Paris green as a persuader of the stomach: being well known, the Religious Editor advised his correspondent to anoint his canine champion with a salve composed of Paris green and fresh butter, and turn him loose for the other dog to lick. The result obviously would be that the more the other dog licked him the less licked he would be.

A week after the despatch of this letter the Religious Editor was writing a tract in one of those rare moments of leisure which his official duties permit him when a visitor came in. The visitor was a large man, with a kind of a cast-iron head and a voice which seemed to live in his boots.

"I want to see the dog editor," said he.

"You have that honor," replied the Religious Editor, with his customary modesty.

"Are you him?" demanded the stranger.

"I am."

"Well, my name's Conley."

"Mr. C. S. Conley, of Arkansas," observed the Religious Editor.

"The same."

"The gentleman who wrote about the dog?"

"That's me."

"Well, well," said the Religious Editor, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

"It is, is it," observed the stranger.

All this time while he had been wandering about the room with his hands in his pockets and his hat cocked over his eye.

"Did you get my letter?" asked the Religious Editor.

"Did I?" repeated Mr. Conley, of Arkansas. "Well, I reckon I did."

"And did it get on in time?"

"In time for what?"

"Why, for the little event, you know; the dispute between the canine favorites."

"Oh, yes. It was in time."

"Well, how much did you win?"

"How much did I win?" roared Mr. Conley, of Arkansas. "Win with what?"

"Why, on the fight, to be sure. Our little canine favorite licked, didn't he?"

"You bet he licked," bawled the visitor. "Yes, he did lick. He licked all of that there d—d stuff of his self and just got into the pit in time for the other dog to eat him up. You're a gay dog editor, ain't you? You're way up in your biz, ain't you? What you don't know about dogs ain't worth knowing, is it? But I'm agoin' to teach you something more about 'em. Do you hear me?"

And opening the door, Mr. Conley, of Arkansas, called:

"Hi, Bolivar. Come here, Chawbones. Slick him, slick him!"

The Religious Editor is sick yet.

A DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Two young men, cousins, named Austin Guthrie and Franklin Meyers, near Black Creek, Ark., rivals for the affections of a young girl, quarrelled and proceeded to blows. Both were on horseback, and drawing their knives they commenced a contest which lasted several minutes, both receiving fatal wounds. Meyers' arm was almost severed from the body and he was horribly cut about the face and breast. Guthrie was fearfully wounded in the head and body. Both fainted and fell from their horses. They were found unconscious in a pool of blood by the roadside.

SIRENS OF THE SWELL MOB.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The double game in pocket picking is now engrossing the attention of the New York police. Its operators are simple enough. A pretty girl asks a stranger a question—such as the way to a certain street or the time of day, and while he is obliging her, her male accomplice picks his pocket. Our picture shows how it is done. If you want to learn any more about it take a trip up Broadway with a grip-sack in your hand and your natural acuteness of expression disguised under a rural innocent smile.



CREMATING A PRISONER.

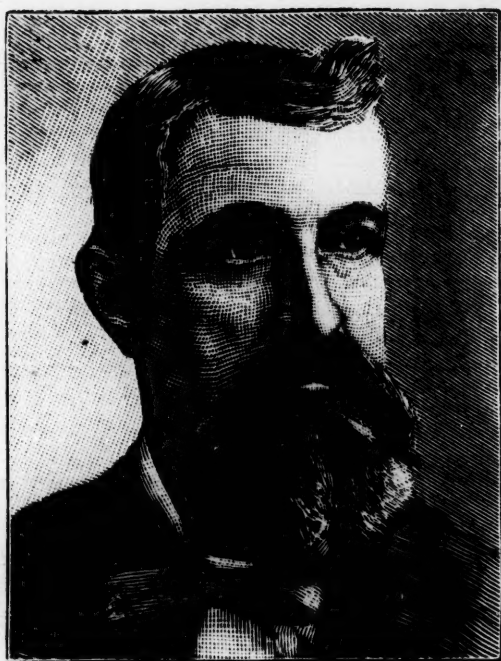
THE HORRIBLE DEATH OF AN OLD MAN AT THE BURNING OF THE CALABOOSE, AT ASH-VILLE, PICKAWAY COUNTY, OHIO.

Fallen From Grace.

Edward Kennedy, of Cleveland, Ohio, has just joined the glorious army of defaulting bank clerks. Like most of these gentlemen, he was extremely God fearing, and never missed an opportunity to display his attachment to the church and its doctrines. He was moreover an assistant teacher in one of the local Sunday schools and a member of the Y. M. C. A. Suddenly, about four weeks ago, he disappeared, and when the officers of the bank in which he was employed came to examine his accounts they discovered that he had embezzled several thousand dollars. They are now anxiously searching for him with a view to demanding explanations.

The New England Post Office Robberies.

The recent capture of a gang of post office robbers by Sheriff Robert Van Deusen of



SHERIFF ROBERT VAN DEUSEN,
WHO CAPTURED THE NOTORIOUS NEW ENGLAND POST OFFICE ROBBERS.

Litchfield county, Connecticut, has excited much interest all over the New England States, and especially since Inspector Newcome, of the New York Post Office, has been able to show that the amount of stolen property exceeds \$100,000 in value. The depredations, according to the story of one of the gang, date back nearly three years. During the past year alone they have burglarized twelve post offices, and made three unsuccessful attempts on the Birmingham office. The first important clew to this crowd of roughs was gained when Sheriff Van Deusen captured two of them near William Gorman's, in the northern part of Canaan, Ct. The names then given, Richard Hadley and Frank Howard, are aliases, but the officers have discovered their true names. Pictures of both are in the New York Rogues' gallery, and they are old hands at the business, although Hadley has a wife and five children at his home in Bridgeport, where he has



PATRICK RYAN,
ALLEGED LEADER OF THE THIEVES WHO ROBBED
TWELVE CONNECTICUT POST OFFICES.



FRANK HOWARD,
THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE GANG OF
POST OFFICE BURGLARS.

supposedly been leading an honest life for four years, or rather up to within the last nine months. He and his companion (Howard), both now lodged in the county jail at Litchfield, are old New York cracksmen, and have been tough customers to meet. Paddy Ryan and Jim Farley, alias "Farney," are now in safe keeping in New York city.

Cremating a Prisoner.

The death of an old man at the burning of the calaboose at Ashville, Pickaway county, Ohio, an account of which was published last week, is still a mystery. The unfortunate man was a wandering tinker and umbrella mender, who was known by sight around the neighborhood, but his name was unknown. He was arrested for drunkenness and lodged in the village lockup. In the night the jail was found to be on fire, but before the neighbors reached the place the



JOHN S. MAXWELL,

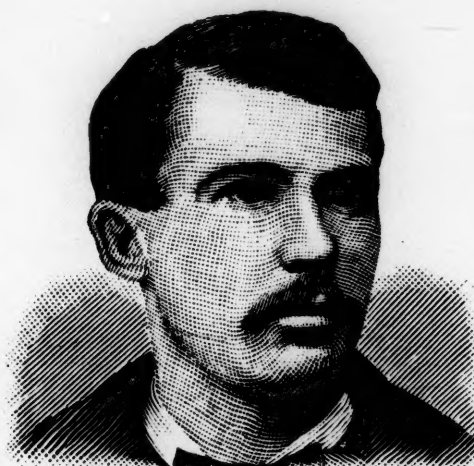
A WOULD-BE COUNTERFEITER, WHO CAME TO
GRIEF IN NEW YORK CITY.

flames were beyond control, and the poor man was roasted alive. Owing to the fact that he was seen in an Ashville saloon shortly before his arrest with money on his person, and from other suspicious circumstances, it is believed that parties entered the old rattletrap of a jail and, after beating and robbing the old man, set fire to place and made their escape.

On Account of a Girl.

Antonio Bernard and Silvio Caput, two residents of an Italian tenement in Youngstown, Ohio, were rivals for the hand of a beautiful Italian girl, who favored Bernard.

On October 7 the two men became involved in a quarrel over the girl, which resulted in Silvio drawing a dirk and fatally stabbing his rival. Caput fled, and a band of Italians started in pursuit and threaten to kill the murderer on sight.



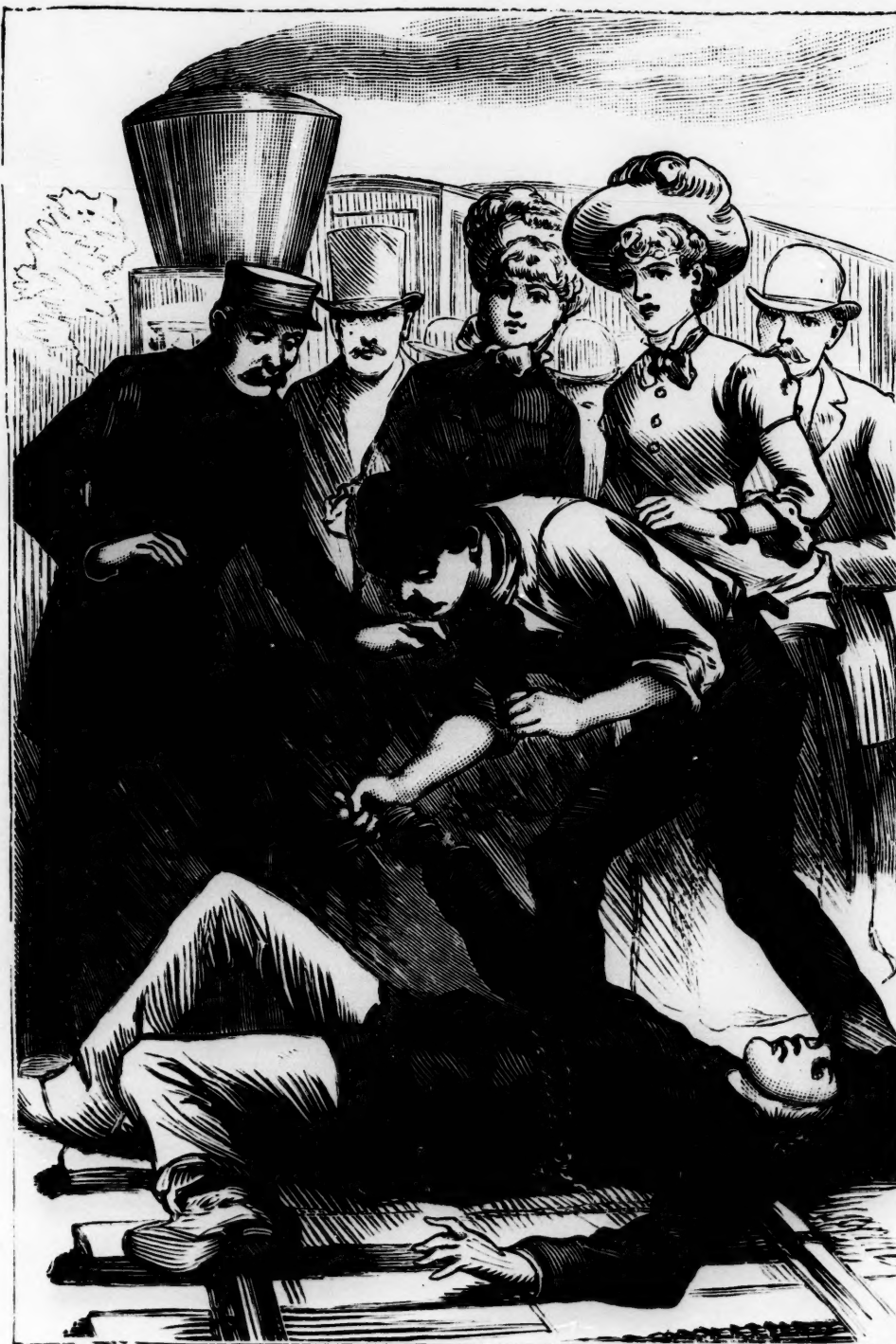
EDWARD KENNEDY,

ABSCONDING BANK CLERK AND PILAR OF THE
CHURCH; CLEVELAND, OHIO.



JOHN HENRY AUSTIN,

THE "BOSS MASHER" OF THE UNITED STATES,
ARRESTED IN JERSEY FOR ABANDONMENT.



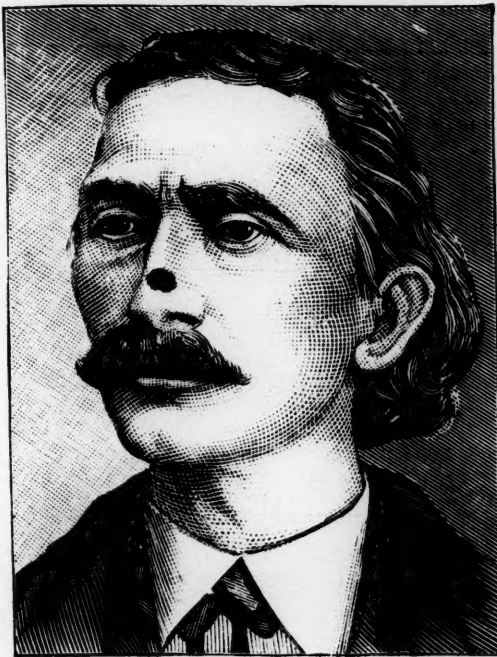
A SENSATION SPOILED.

THE SUPPOSED BODY OF A MAN THAT STOPPED A TRAIN ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD, TURNS OUT TO BE A FARMER'S SCARECROW.



A ROBBERY IN THE WILDERNESS.

AN OLD INDIAN HERMIT AND MISER TERRIBLY BEATEN AND ROBBED OF HIS BURIED TREASURE, AT HIS LONELY HUT ON THE SAN BOISE RIVER, INDIAN TERRITORY.



HENRY KORTE,

ONE OF THE GREAT CATTLE KINGS OF NEW MEXICO.

Selma's City Marshal.

City Marshal E. D. Lawson, of Selma, Ala., is a very popular official in his section. For many years Mr. Lawson has been identified with



E. D. LAWSON,

THE EFFICIENT CITY MARSHAL OF SELMA ALABAMA.

the fire department of Selma, and was for four years, and at the time of his election as marshal the foreman of Phoenix Fire Company, No. 1. Since his election he has given entire satisfaction, and is a terror to evil doers. Marshal Lawson is 31 years of age, and was raised in Lynchburg, Va., and moved to Selma in 1870. He is the son of David Lawson, Roanoke, Va., and nephew of Jas. Lawson, Lynchburg, Va. He is at present connected with the Old Dominion saloon. Our portrait is from a photograph taken by Messrs. Works & Powers, the "Police Gazette" photographers of Selma.

A Robbery in the Wilderness.

A terrible tragedy was enacted at the house of Isoma, on San Boise River, Indian Territory, on Sunday night, September 30. Isoma is an Indian nearly eighty years old. He lived in a miserable hovel, situated in an isolated neighborhood, and was known to have money, which he guarded with miserly care. During the recent payment of the Cherokee *per capita* he received a large sum in silver, which he carried to his cabin. On Sunday night four unknown parties appeared at the door of the hut and demanded admittance, claiming to have lost their way. The Indian refused, whereupon they began firing into the house and beating down the door. As they entered the Indian jumped out of the window, but was seized. He refused to tell where he kept his money, and was subjected to inhuman torture, remaining obstinate. The robbers shot him several times and beat him until senseless. The hut was then plundered, the earthen floor being dug up and an old trunk carried away. Not less than \$5,000 was stolen, mostly in silver, and

pieces of the latter were found scattered for a distance of several hundred yards, showing the route taken by the retreating thieves. A man living several miles away heard them pass his house at daylight, and says that one of the party was a woman, and that they were going toward San Boise mountains. The victim of the robbery will die.

Aboriginal Footprints.

A ripple of excitement has been caused in Northeastern Ohio by a party of learned scientists who have been searching for evidences of the prehistoric race that dwelt on the borders of Lake Erie. They, in their own minds, have made some valuable discoveries, none more important than the finding of footprints of a colossal being, whose pedal extremities must have been enlarged and extended specimens of what is known to modern students as the Chicago girl's foot. Tommy Opper, a bad boy, who lives near Madison, Ohio, where the wonderful

footprints were discovered, could probably tell more about them than the astonished antiquarians. He says it took him two days to make the wooden model for "them air hoof-prints." He feels quite elated at his success in aiding scientific investigation.

The Western "Cattle King."

We publish this week a portrait of Henry Korte, the well known "Cattle King," who is now living in retirement on his ranch at Mora Mora, N. M. Korte is a German by birth, and sixty-three years of age. He came to this country when a mere boy. He went almost direct to New Mexico, married a half breed Mexican, and started in the cattle business. Three months ago he sold out for \$205,000, which shows how great his activity must have been. Korte is considered the finest cattle breeder in the West, besides being an excellent agriculturist. He recently visited St. Louis with his wife, and proved an object of great curiosity there.



ABORIGINAL FOOTPRINTS.

HOW A PARTY OF LEARNED ANTIQUARIANS WERE LED ASTRAY IN THEIR PREHISTORIC SEARCHES BY A BAD BOY OF MADISON, OHIO.

NEW YORK NAKED;

OR,

NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Pan-
orama of Metropolitan Midnight
Life Ever Presented.

CHAPTER VII.

I MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF "HIS GIBLETS."

The mysterious announcement which ended the last chapter of my experiences had a most surprising effect upon the chattering creature around whose waist my arm had been stolen, and whose lips had just opened to communicate the harrowing story of her life.

"What!" she cried, springing to her feet and hastily shaking off my unconscious exhibition of interest and sympathy. "I thought he was in Albany!"

"He ain't nothing of the kind," sententiously hiccupped the highly flavored person who brought the news. "That's him a talking to the kids in the hall-way now."

"Is he loaded?" was the next astonishing inquiry.

"Not as much as usual."

"See here," said the lovely and disconsolate widow, with her eyes pouring their eloquence into mine, "you'll have to get out of this till I fix the old man. I'll give him a stall—I should say an interview—and get rid of him as quick as possible, and then you can come up again."

"Who is he?"

"An old friend, a dear old friend of my poor husband's," she replied, with a sob that made her beautiful bosom heave like a young Java earthquake. "But you must leave—you must, really. If he should find you here he would never forgive me—never!"

"See here," I remarked in a tone of mild expostulation, "who in the name of thunder is the old man, and what does he want here?"

"I can't tell you now," she cried, wringing her hands in a manner prettily expressive of the profoundest dismay. "There he is coming upstairs—and I'm a lost woman if he finds you here."

Just then a queer voice, which apparently came from a rather more than middle aged person, seeing that it was shrill and had the wheezy lisp which goes with vocal antiquity, exclaimed:

"Nettie! Oh, Nettie! where are you?"

The voice seemed to come from somebody outside the door.

"My God!" squealed my charming widow. "There he is, as sure as there's a heaven above us!"

It is astonishing what firm and devout believers in religion people are who make a lifelong practice of violating its precepts.

"I'm all right," I said, with a grin, which must have looked like the festive expression of a more than ordinarily gibbering maniac (I was conscious of that fact myself), and so saying, I rolled under the lounge. That act of strategic retreat brought out a fresh screech from my delightful widow, but before she could prevent me from accomplishing it the door opened and the gentleman gracefully described as "His Giblets," waddled rather than walked into the room.

He was a very short man, very well dressed, with a very red face, a gray chin whisker of the kind that used to be known as a goatee, small red eyes, a swollen and juicy nose, which might have been cut out of a beet root by a skillful sculptor, a full red mouth and very irregular teeth. His hair was cut short and was very gray. I have said that he was well dressed, but the excellence of his clothes consisted in the quality of the material of which they were made, and owed nothing to the taste or elegance of their cut. In fact, the shape of them was almost provincial, his trousers being very loose and baggy, and his frock coat ridiculously high waisted and roomy in the skirt.

He wore a diamond pin of the old fashioned pollywog pattern, such as Tammany aldermen affected in Bill Tweed's golden—or to be more accurate, green-back—age, and a soft felt hat was crushed out of all shape over his right eye.

Dropping on the sofa alongside my poor little widow, with a thud that brought the springs within an inch and a half of my back he said:

"Well, Nettie! You see I don't vos go to Albany, dis veek anyhow, py shiminy!"

The unknown was of the great and all-conquering German race beyond all doubt.

But what sort of a German, professionally? Perhaps a German alderman. He looked a good deal more like what a German alderman ought to look like than anything else.

"Yes," murmured the widow, with a not unnatural tremor: "I see you didn't go, and why didn't you?"

"Well, my poody leedle girl," gasped the new comer, as he moved on the lounge in such a way that the springs began to creak and the legs straddle apart most ominously: "I don't was able to dear meinself away from you out."

I could imagine the fearful and wonderful leer with which he accompanied this astounding speech.

The springs gave a short, sharp and much lighter jerk.

This time I knew as well as if I saw it instead of felt it, that my unhappy little widow was moving away from this disgustingly familiar friend of her departed husband.

And yet there was actually no need for apprehension or even a show of wounded delicacy. A fat Dutchman over fifty years of age is never danger us, especially when you hear his daily accumulation of beer swash about in him like the contents of a water-logged ship.

The next thing he said was detestably imprudent, even coming as it did from one who enjoyed the privileges of a friend of the family.

This is what he said:

"Now, Nettie, you poody leedle snoozer, I be damt ef you don't vos gife me a kiss right away."

Then there was a convulsion overhead. The springs creaked, the legs of the lounge straddled wider apart, the entire stuffing of the affair hung out in festoons like the Spanish moss on a Florida water-oak.

Hush! Don't! Letgo of me!" I heard my luckless little widow exclaim, as her dead husband's friend grew more and more energetic in his ill-timed and singularly ungentlemanly caresses.

So, while the struggle raged overhead between the Teutonic friend of the family trying to impress his noisome endearments, and my poor unfortunate little widow trying to repel them, much more quickly than I can describe it, I extracted my breastpin from my scarf and waited for a good square chance to prod it into the visitor's right leg.

That useful limb was wiggling about over the edge of the lounge. In size it closely resembled a stove-pipe, and in shape it looked like a mammoth bologna sausage.

All at once it stopped its mad and irrelevant motions and remained tranquil just within reach of me. At the same time its proprietor exclaimed as he puffed and blew:

"By shiminy, Nettie, you was dired me all oud! I don't was used to such shimnastig exercises ven I look for mein kisses all der dime."

And with one more protesting plunge of the springs, he flung both arms round her neck.

At least I thought he did.

At that instant I drove the pin with all my might as far as I could reach out, a good three-quarters of an inch, into his calf.

With a yell that made the windows rattle and a bound that, as it seemed to my distempered vision, carried him within half a foot of the ceiling, he leaped off the lounge.

"Gott in Himmel!" he roared, rubbing his perforated calf. "Dot was the sharpest pite dot ever I got, py shiminy!"

"What is the matter?" inquired the poor widow, utterly at a loss to understand her sudden and welcome release from his persecution. "What under the sun ails you?"

"Vleas!" roared the capering Teuton, as he kept on rubbing the injured limb. "Vleas vot must be shoost so great ash lobsters, py shiminy! Dot tamt olt lounge is shuck full mit dem, unt der piggest vleas of der growt shoost took a pite mein leck oud, py Gott!"

Her nimble mind, poor thing, evidently jumped to the conclusion that I must have had something to do with the diversion in her favor, for hardly able as I was myself to suppress my own laughter, I saw her cap a bar kerchief into her mouth to stifle her delight and merriment.

"Vot is the madder mit you?" growled the German, as he again sat down on the lounge. "Dot was blandy of fun to laugh ad, eh, ven you see a shendlemans eaten alive up by dose tamt vermin, eh?"

"I wasn't laughing," she said (the pretty falsifier!), "I've got a terrible toothache."

Her reply seemed to mollify the German.

"Vell dot was too bad," he said, in a softer tone, still continuing to rub his wounded leg. "But you shoost sell dot louche or gife him oud away. B—r—r! I bin afraid to sit here any longer, by shiminy grips, or dey eat me all up. Is dere any dings to trink der house in, Nettie?"

"No," said my poor little widow, "there is nothing whatever in the house to drink."

The springs shook overhead, and I heard a low whistle.

"Vere ish der remmands of dot gase of champagne I send you last weck, Nettie?"

"There isn't any left."

"Nod a boddle, Nettie?"—This in a tone of remonstrance.

"Not a thimbleful."

"Dot's preddy gwick vork, py Gott!" growled the unknown as he shifted on the lounge. "Dot's too damt gwick. I subsose dot olt hen of a Franggie—she has most of it trinken up. By grashus, dot voman has a suction pump mit der inside of her. I shoudt hade to gife dot voman a show mit der brewery. She woudt trink it all dry oud in two hours."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the door flew open and the virago, whose acquaintance I had made on entering my unfortunate widow's apartments, reeled into the room, brandishing a fist of great size, and the ruddiest complexion that ever outblushed a red onion.

At the same instant, by a most singular and altogether inexplicable coincidence, something moved me to drive my breastpin this time about an inch and a half into the left leg of the German, which happened to be the nearer to me.

With a blood curdling yell of anguish, and without the slightest idea of where he was going, he flew forward, as if he had been vehemently shot out of an 80-ton gun, and brought his nose with a cruel thud against the outstretched and vigorously brandished fist of "Frankie"—for such, as I could not help inferring, was the name of the gruesome creature, all onions, rum and beer, who had admitted me to the room.

The collision of that nose with that fist made my own highly developed organ smart with sympathy. I have never seen any two things so well matched in color as they were, and when the rich claret of the German responded to the "tap," neither the nose nor the fist seemed so much as a shade redder for their sanguinary baptism.

"Ach heber Gott!" screamed the poor brewer, rubbing his leg, utterly oblivious of the injury to his proboscis. "Dose Gott verdamt vleas! Dey bite shoost like a plow mit der lightning!"

"I've a suction pump inside of me, have I?" squealed the virago, "and I'd drink your dirty old beer barrels dry, would I? Not much! I know too well what's inside of them! But I'll teach you to insult me and call me names when you come to see your woman, I will!"

And she brandished her fist with a degree of science that appalled me.

"Hold on! Hold on!" cried the German, mopping up the stream which welled from his nose with his right hand and caressing his leg with his left. "Hold on! Franggie! Dot was only a leedle choke! Hold on—unt I go unt get a pottle of chin, py chimmeddy! If I had known you was coming I shoudt hafe toldt you dot was a leedle choke! Unt don't hit me again! I ploed to death some of dose days if somebody hit me on mein nose."

And in all sincerity, it did look as if the worthy German's apprehensions of such a disaster were well founded.

"Well, you go and get the gin," was the reply, in a

tone of more favor. "And I'll show you how to talk of a lady behind her back!"

As he made his exit I was just going to make my appearance from under the sofa when I was struck by the conversation which ensued between the unhappy little widow and the fragrant "Frankie."

"That's a nice muss you've got me into," remarked the poor little widow, with a sharpness I should not have thought her capable of.

"What's a nice muss?"

"Fixing it so as he'll be back here again. I wanted to give him a big stiff and get him out of the house. Why that other old sucker's nearly due."

What a d sucker?"

"Him that answered the advertisement and said he wanted somebody to look after his bank account and pay his bills, and all that. Why, that *would* be a pudding! I guess I could look after his bank account, eh, Frankie?"

"You bet!" was the singular and illogical response. "He must be the boss sucker, and Dutchy don't compare with him for cornshucks. I wonder what he looks like."

Before she spoke again and I could relieve myself of the dreadful and pardonable feeling of suspense, a peculiar shrill whistle, evidently a regular signal, came up from the street.

The two women started.

"There's Jim!" said the widow.

"So it is!" exclaimed the other, looking down cautiously on the sidewalk.

"He's sober, aint he?"

"I guess so."

"This fixes me sure," groaned the widow. "It's no use laying for the old sucker who wrote the letter now. You'll have to work the wrong address and no such person-in-the-house racket on him."

The whistle, at this point, was repeated.

"Jim's coming up, sure," said Frankie, evidently perplexed. "Where's the other sucker?"

"Which one?"

"The young fellow that was here when Dutchy came in?"

"Skipit, I guess."

Great Heavens! This time there could be no mistake. It was my widow, my bleeding-hearted relict, my fair and friendless correspondent, who, only too evidently referring to me and allowing me, by implication, to be spoken of as a sucker (whatever that may be)—gave it as her opinion that I had "skipit!"

"Skipit!" Loathly monosyllable! "Skipit!"

She had scarcely spoken the word before the mysterious "Jimmy" hurriedly bolted into the room and shut the door after him.

"The Cap's onto me," he said, breathing shortly, "I sent word to the station house I was sick, and I got half full this afternoon on Ninth avenue, in Mac-Gowan's. Just my luck—the old man dropped on me, and he ain't been down that way in three years."

"Oh! my! ain't that too bad!" exclaimed my widow, my wicked and decent widow, in a tone of such obvious interest and affection that I could not resist the temptation to poke my head slyly out from under the sofa in the manner of a mud turtle, and scrutinize the new comer.

"Jimmy" turned out to be a slim young man, who was a plain citizen from his waist up and a policeman below it. He wore a gray coat and vest and his uniform trousers. He also wore a pair of "sluggers," a creased high collar, a diamond stud, and an evident look of being half drunk.

That was the impression made upon me by "Jimmy," and my heart sank at the idea of either having to wait for my own exit until it seemed good to him to go, or to make a rush past him and blunder down stairs into freedom and the open street.

"What game are you working?" inquired "Jimmy," affably, as he dropped on the lounge with a force that made the springs jingle and catch in my hair.

"No game," said the widow, "but old Dutchy's coming back in a minute with a bottle of gin, and it'll spoil the whole lay out if he sees you."

"That's a fact," replied the honest officer, "but it isn't safe to go out of the house while the old man's liable to be around. He'll be onto you as well as me. I ain't half as scared of Dutchy as I am of the Cap-tain."

"You'll have to hide somewhere."

"And pretty quick, too," cried Frankie. "You'd better skip into my room. It ain't as big as all outdoors, but it'll do."

"No, sir," exclaimed "Jimmy," who was plainly just drunk enough to be obstinate. "I'm in for some fun. I'll get into this here bed and you gals can cover me up, and then we'll have a circus with Dutchy."

And before they could raise a hand to stop him, the gallant officer was actually in bed, with a very dirty sheet drawn over his face.

What could the "gals" do? What they actually did was to pile dingy wraps and shawls on the bed, it being generally used as a receptacle for trifles of that sort.

They were in the very act of doing so when the door opened once more, and the unfortunate German appeared, panting and pulling, with a cigar in his mouth and a bundle of suspicious form in his hands.

It was only too clear that he had been sampling a good deal of gin before he had selected his bottle, for he could scarcely stand, and his breath reeked like the aroma of a hedge of juniper bushes.

"Vell, girls!" he bawled, "dere vos your chin, unt by chimmeddy! I hafe a kiss mit each of you in return or I dies mit der addeup!"

Saying which he slammed his bundle on the bed with such energy that "Jimmy" visibly started, and hugging each of the women, brought them down with him in a tremendous crash on the lounge.

It was the last burden ever borne by that long-suffering piece of furniture. With a report like a gun, it fairly exploded. The four legs flew in all directions; the laths in the bottom smashed like matches, and worst of all, the springs, the stuffing, the Dutchman and the two women fell with frightful weight upon my own unhappy back.

In another instant the four of us were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle among the debris. The women shrieked "Murder!" The Dutchman bawled "Police!" I shouted for "Help," and I'm bruised and bleeding rolled to the door, just as "Jimmy," with a wild Irish yell, leaped out of the bed, smothering the rest with an avalanche of shawls, wraps, and hats. We clashed in the doorway, I butting him, unintentionally, in the pit of the stomach, and he hitting me with equal innocence, a terrible blow in my ribs.

We rolled down stairs together and staggered into the street, just in time to escape the mad rush of a couple of uniformed officers led to the attack by the Jew cobbler on the ground floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOSS AMERICAN MASHER.

Why John Henry Austin is in Jail—His Numerous
Soft Snaps

[With Portrait.]

The boss masher of the United States seems to be John Henry Austin, of Red Bank, N. J. Ten days ago he was arrested by Detective Clos, of Jersey City, on the charge of abandonment preferred by his wife. It was expected that some of the young women whom he is alleged to have deceived would be in court to prefer more serious charges against him, but they did not appear. The fact appears to be that these young ladies, especially two or three of them, who belong to the first families of Jersey City, are so high in the social scale that a distaste to go into a police court and become the subjects of vulgar gossip will probably save Austin.

The letters found in Austin's trunk, and handed to Detective Clos by his wife, reveal an extraordinary state of morality in what is considered high life and respectable society. One remarkable feature about them is their good literary style and correctness in grammar, spelling and punctuation. The writers are all evidently young ladies of high education. Only one of Mr. Austin's correspondents betrayed the slightest indication of a not thoroughly finished education.

When called before the Justice, Mrs. Austin said that she had married Austin 18 years ago in Woodstock, Canada. Subsequently they moved to North Carolina, where he first gave evidence of his devilish nature, having to leave the State to escape the law and the vengeance of the father of a young girl. She believed him innocent and followed him to Woodstock, but found him guilty from the fact that he had to flee from Canada for similar reasons to those which drove him from the South. He then came to Jersey City, and was soon at his old tricks.

Happening to obtain one of his letters, Mrs. Austin discovered that he was paying attentions to a prominent young lady of Jersey City, and knowing his purpose, she determined to leave him. In an old carpet bag she also found over 100 letters from young ladies. Some of them called him husband. He agreed to a separation, promising to pay her \$20 per month. But one payment was made, hence the suit.

The following is a specimen of the many letters found in Austin's possession:

"Mademoiselle—I am at a loss to know in what way I may address you so that I will not suffer the dire misfortune of giving offence. I have seen you almost daily for the past month or six weeks, and the result is that the feeling of interest with which I first looked upon your face has grown and become intensified to such a degree that I feel that I must know you. If you will kindly grant me the favor of your friendship, I shall be delighted beyond expression. I am not in the habit of addressing strange ladies either by letter or personally, and do so now only for feeling my courage fail when I have contemplated speaking to you. Let this correspondence result as it may, I am glad I did not address you on the street, as I think a lady should be held sacred there by every true gentleman. I will not give you a false name. I cannot give you my real one."

FISTIC "PUNCHES" AT A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A regular old fashioned rough-and-tumble fight occurred in a church at Maquoketa, Iowa, Sunday, Oct. 7, at the Union Prohibition meeting, composed of the Methodist and Congregational denominations. The meeting occurred at the Methodist church, and as it had been announced that the people would be told how to vote the edifice was densely crowded. After the introduction, H. W. McCarron, a strong Prohibition Greenbacker, arose and asked whether the meeting was to be in the interest of temperance and Christianity or in the interest of the Republican party. If the former, he would remain; if the latter he would leave. The congregation hissed him, and the pastor called upon the deacons to put him out. He then turned upon the ministers and denounced them as hypocrites and unworthy of the name of Christians. The deacons then made a rush for him and attempted to drag him out. His daughter called on the congregation to hear her father, as he was right. His friends then rushed to the rescue and a scuffle ensued. In the heat of the excitement noses were punched, and one deacon received a blow on the neck, but owing to his position he was unable to turn the other side to his assailant. McCarron freed himself from the deacons, and was then permitted to leave quietly. Several old supporters of the Methodist church followed him and did not return. When order was restored the meeting went on.

A SENSATION SPOILED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As a train on the Illinois Central R.R. was nearing Onarga, a few days ago, there was a consternation caused among the passengers by the engineer whistling down brakes. The cars were soon stopped, and the information quickly ran through the train that a man had been found on the track. It was a narrow escape. The engine had been stopped only within a few inches of the prostrate form. The man appeared at first to be overcome by liquor. A closer examination disclosed the fact that he was bound to the rails by cords. Horror spread among the spectators. A hundred willing hands were soon at work releasing the poor unfortunate. They took him up tenderly and tried to stand him on his feet. He fell like a limp rag. While a doctor was attempting to feel the pulse of the sufferer, the hand parted company with the arm. It was then discovered that the object of the crowd's sympathy was a harmless scarecrow, stolen from a farmer's cornfield and placed upon the track by some mischievous and thoughtless boys.

TWO "COPS" SHUFFLED OFF.

Two policemen have recently been sent off on long "beats" to that place which Indians call the "Happy Hunting Ground."

At Huntsville, Ala., October 8, William Strut, a patrolman, while trying to arrest two negro thieves, was seized by one of them and held, while the other cut his head open with an axe. He'll stru no more. His murderer was lynched.

At Detroit, Mich., on October 6, Patrolman George C. Kimball, while assisting in pursuing three suspicious characters, who were endeavoring to avoid arrest, was fatally shot by one of them. The ball entered the brain, and death ensued in a few minutes after. One of the three men, a notorious crook named Billy Leonard, was arrested. The other two made their escape. The dead officer was one of the most faithful men on the force.

WAYWARD WALTER.

A Shaker Girl's Hubby Trying to Black-mail an Aged Gent.

Who, he says, "Debauched" and "Carnally Knew" His Wife—The Scheme Balked.

The staid and virtuous town of Lebanon, O., the seat of Warren county, and the home of men of political eminence, was thunderstruck several days ago when a suit for \$25,000 damages was entered in the Court of Common Pleas by W. Holmes Walter against J. P. Gilchrist, one of the wealthiest as well as one of the most prominent business men in the place. It was not the suit which occasioned the shock, but the grounds upon which it was brought. The defendant is in his 73d year, and has been in business in Lebanon for over 50 years. In every sense of the word a "home man," once devoted to a family which death has all but wiped out, the fact that he should be charged with seduction created no little excitement. Walter, in his petition says: Emeline M. Walter was "for years" his wife; that while he was living with and supporting his wife and family near Lebanon, and while they were living happy in every way, the defendant, well knowing that Emeline M. Walter was his wife, and wrongfully intending to injure him and deprive him of the society and assistance of his wife, and to disturb the peace, confidence, love and perfect trust that had theretofore existed between them, did, on or about the first day of January, 1876, and continuously from that time until May, 1883, wickedly debauch and carnally knew his wife.

By means of the premises the plaintiff has been deprived of the fellowship, society, regard, love and affection of his wife and of her aid in his domestic affairs, and is brought to great shame and dishonor and his home broken up and destroyed, to his damage in the sum of \$25,000, for which he asks judgment.

Walter was once a man of considerable means, and when he married Emeline Lockwood was a promising young farmer. Emeline was raised by the Shakers, but they found it hard work to keep the young miss in check, and she was married despite the objections on all hands to young Walter ever so many years ago.

The disposition of the wife was not one which would allow her to be contented in one place very long, and they jumped all around the country. From a farmer he undertook to run a hotel, and efforts at this he made at Monroe, Morrow, and finally at Blanchester. Here he failed and a separation followed. He went back to Lebanon, and is now living at the old Green Tree hotel, about three miles from Lebanon.

His wife sued him for divorce in Clinton county about two years ago, alleging adultery against her liege lord, said to have been committed at the Stock Yards hotel in Cincinnati, by which he contracted a loathsome disease. She also alleged that he failed to support her, and had been guilty of extreme cruelty. He returned no answer to these charges, and the decree was granted, in addition to alimony amounting to \$1,500.

In August last Mr. Gilchrist received a letter from Major Blackburn informing him of Walter's accusations. The major suggested that if he desired to avoid a suit to come down to the office and see him. The very day the letter was received Gilchrist rode over to Walter's and asked him what he meant by such charges. The latter assumed a towering rage, talked of shooting, and finally blurted out with:

"Have you been down to see my attorney yet?" There was no shooting. He, and Mr. Gilchrist didn't go down to see Mr. Walter's attorneys. He stamped the scheme as the vilest kind of blackmail, and that is the opinion of nearly every man and woman in town who know all parties concerned. Nearly two months after the invitation to "come and see the attorneys" the suit was filed.

Mr. Gilchrist said that the only acquaintance he ever had with Mrs. Walter was as a customer of his. He had never visited their home. Indeed, his wife was alive during the period the intimacy is alleged, and he claims that for fifteen years he has made it a practice of spending all his time, when not at the store, at home. There never was a breath of suspicion against Mr. Gilchrist before this, and he says he supposes that because he has saved a few dollars he is picked out as the victim of a scheme to raise money. Mrs. Walter is in Cincinnati with her daughter.

WALKING OUT OF JAIL.

Twelve prisoners, burglars and incendiaries, whose terms range from 4 to 19 years, including the renowned horse-thief John Frankford, effected their escape from the jail at Lancaster, Pa., on the evening of October 10. At 7:30 o'clock Dr. Sample and Amos Lutz, the night watchman, were on duty in the prison. Dr. Sample was in a cell having his hair cut by one of the prisoners, and Lutz was watching in the corridor. Ike Buzzard, one of the celebrated Welsh Mountain gang, serving 10 years for burglary, called Lutz to his cell door and asked him to take a canary bird he had in his cell to his brother, Abe Buzzard, another member of the same gang, serving 13 years for burglary and larceny, who occupied a cell on the opposite side of the corridor. Lutz unhesitatingly complied with the request, and opening the cell door took the bird cage, but he carelessly left Ike's cell door open while he crossed the corridor and opened Abe's cell door to hand the cage in. Ike saw his opportunity and seized it. Springing across the corridor, he seized the watchman, thrust him into Abe's cell and shut and locked the door. Lutz made an outcry, but before Dr. Sample could get out of the cell in which he was, that door was also shut and locked.

The locks on the cell doors are all alike, and Buzzard at once proceeded to open the doors and release the other prisoners. All who chose had a chance to escape, and twelve of the long term prisoners embraced the opportunity, while the short term prisoners refused to go. The long term men went to the cell which is used as an armory and armed themselves with shotguns, revolvers and knives. They then went to Abe Buzzard's cell, where watchman Lutz was confined, and, opening the door, held weapons to Lutz's head while Abe came out of the cell. Lutz was then locked up. The prisoners now held possession of the prison, as the keeper was absent and the under keepers were off duty. Unlocking the front door, the

prisoners walked away, cutting the telephone wires before they went. The escape was discovered shortly after and an alarm sent out, but the prisoners were well away.

The escaped prisoners are John Frankford, the celebrated horse-thief, serving 19 years, who has broken jail half a dozen times; Abe Buzzard, Ike Buzzard, John Wertz, serving 10 years for incendiaryism; George Brimmer, 16 years for incendiaryism; Joe Groff, five years for burglary; Morris Bricker, five years for burglary; Alexander Lemen, four years for incendiaryism; George Watkins, John Clifford, William Clark and Edward Beck, five years for burglary.

DUELLING IN FOUR STYLES.

How Disputes and Old Scores Were Settled by Alleged Chivalrous "Gentlemen."

George Thomas and Algernon Battlehelm fought a duel on the night of September 28, at Stoney Battery, a lonely spot near Fincastle, Va. Thomas was armed with a double barreled shotgun, loaded with heavy shot, and Battlehelm used a seven shooter Colt's revolver. Battlehelm up to two weeks ago had been a constant visitor at Thomas' residence. Thomas charged him with having enticed his wife away. The other indignantly denied the charge. They parted, and the next day the wife returned to her husband. Battlehelm, however, demanded satisfaction of Thomas, and the latter agreed to meet him. At the first fire, distance thirty paces, Thomas sent the full charge of shot into Battlehelm's face. The unfortunate man fell after firing wildly a second time. He was lingering at last accounts. The parties had no seconds.

Two Mexicans named Vidal and Cantee, brothers-in-law, of wealthy and influential connections, had a family disagreement and encountered each other during the independence celebration at San Antonio, Texas, on Saturday, Sept. 15. In order to avoid marring the festivities, they agreed to arm and meet in a certain secluded spot and settle their differences. Vidal was the most active, and disabled Cantee by a stiletto stab above the eye and two incisions in the back. The wounded man was removed to his family residence and Vidal was committed to jail.

In White township, N. C., recently, Henry Horne killed David Butler in a duel, putting a ball through his heart, causing immediate death. The pair had quarreled repeatedly for years. Two Horne brothers and two Butler brothers met. All were filled up with whiskey. Old scores were torn open. James Horne, with a pistol, and David Butler, with a club, fought on the roadside, without fatal results. Henry and Marshall Horne hurried to the scene, arriving after the fray was over. Henry called on Butler to defend himself and drew and fired. Butler fell, exclaiming: "This settles me," and died in a few minutes.

Many years ago the small seaport town of St. Mary's, Ga., was noted for the hostility of its inhabitants to the then hated and often bullied so called Yankees, an epithet of contempt locally applied to any stranger fastidious enough to sport clean linen. As the word Yankee was then considered a synonym for coward, the friendless stranger unlucky enough to offend a Georgia gentleman was quickly disposed of by being made the recipient of a challenge to mortal combat.

Once two dastard New London whalers put into St. Mary's for repairs. A fierce dispute over a game of cards brought about a challenge, in which a captain was invited to engage in a duel with one Pratt, a bitter foe to Yankees. One Evans, a kindred spirit, bore the hostile message, which, contrary to all expectations, was accepted by the brawny son of Neptune. He dismayed the bullies by selecting the next day for time, a sand pit in full view of the town as the locale, and harpoons as weapons, the antagonists to be placed thirty paces apart, with liberty to advance as each pleased. Pratt, whose courage was at best but shaky, would have backed out, but shame and public opinion, aided by copious libations of old rye, nerved him to repair to the field of action in full view of the assembled people. Vainly, however, did he try to await the rush of the muscular tar. The really savage appearance of the hairy, monstrous and red-eyed, New Englander as he swiftly advanced, ominously brandishing his long lance, was too terrific a picture for the duellist. With a yell of dismay he took to his heels, closely pursued by the screaming "Yank," who reached him in time to administer several hearty kicks before the flying foe plunged headlong into the river and sought the opposite shore.

A DEADHEAD PASSENGER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On October 3 an extra west bound freight train on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road, conducted by W. H. Worden, about sixteen miles west of Atchison, while running at the rate of eighteen miles per hour, struck a cow, which was standing directly in the middle of the track and facing the engine. The engineer saw the cow in time to have slowed up, but was urging his iron horse down a short incline to her level best in order to make the next up grade. The steam whistle was applied with such startling effect as to arouse the natives at the next station six miles further down the road. But all this was of no avail, the cow had evidently made up her mind to take a free ride, and was not to be intimidated by the hoarse, wild screaming of the iron horse. As the engine neared her she braced herself for the shock. When the engine came within a few feet of her she evidently tried to come the "swinging catch" on it, so much practiced by trainmen, for she turned quickly one side, and in so doing raised her front feet high enough to permit the cowcatcher to pass beneath them, and she gently mounted the pilot of the engine, and crouching on her haunches rode from the scene of "bouncing the train" to Nortonville, about six miles, where, after the train had stopped, the conductor and wondering natives put her off, because she had no ticket and would not pay fare. The cow walked about twenty feet from the track and from exhaustion, dropped down, but from the latest accounts is doing well.

HE GOT IN, BUT SHE GOT OUT.

At Charleston, S. C., on Oct. 8, David Roland, colored, entered the sleeping room of Mary Morrissey, while at a boarding house on King street. He was armed with an axe, and announced his intention to occupy the bed or to kill the woman. Mary Morrissey, who is a dwarf, watched the villain disrobe himself and get into her bed, and then, making a bolt she escaped through the door, locked the brute in, and called for assistance. Roland has been held for trial.

ADVENTUROUS AVERY.

The Checkered Career of a Murderer, Burglar, Forger, Lawyer, Lover and Jailbird.

Wayne county, Pa., has a character with an eventful history. His name is George Avery, and at present he is in one of the Western States. In 1870, when Avery was only 21 years of age, he was charged with the murder of John Haynes, of Rowlands, Pike county. He was arrested. The evidence against him was said to be so conclusive that he could not escape hanging.

While on the way to Miffland, where the county prison was located, in charge of a deputy sheriff, the official inebriated freely and became helplessly drunk. Avery secured the man's keys, and unlocking his handcuffs, he placed them in the bottom of the wagon. He took the reins from the official's hands and drove to the nearest hotel, where he arrived at a late hour. He put the drunken man to bed, roused him the next morning, drove on to Miffland, and after he had put the deputy to bed at the hotel he walked up to the jail and delivered himself to the keeper, telling him about his experience.

Three months later he was tried for murder, and in spite of overwhelming proof against him, was acquitted. The day after he was discharged from custody he was arrested charged with burglary, convicted, and sent to State prison for six months. He served the full term, reading law during his confinement. When he left the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia he returned home, opened a law office, and had several citizens arrested who had testified against him when he was on trial for burglary, charging them with perjury. Failing to make out his case, he was sentenced to pay the costs.

He had no money, so he went to jail again, where he remained until his friends could scrape up enough money to get him out. Finally he became a free man again, and returned to his old home at Rowlands.

From that time burglaries were numerous about there, but there was never evidence enough to convict Avery. A year or so later he went to Oil City where he hung out his shingle as a lawyer. Clients were numerous and fees were large. Avery was reaping a golden harvest when he was convicted of forgery and sent to the Western Penitentiary for four years and eleven months. While there he fell in love with the daughter of one of the prison keepers, and she offered to assist him to escape, but he refused to leave until his time was out. At the end of the term he went back to Rowlands, soon afterward professed religion, began preaching a little, swindled a neighbor out of \$100, and was induced by the neighbor, who enforced his argument with a shotgun, to refund the money.

Avery then left for Luzerne county, where he got into difficulty and was sent to the Eastern Penitentiary for a short term. Upon his release he stole enough money to take him to the mining regions of the Far West, where, under an assumed name, he opened a law office and speculated in stocks.

In 1882 he struck it rich, cleared \$750,000, gave up stocks, invested his money in Government bonds, and sent for his fiancée, the prison keeper's daughter, who joined him in Chicago, where they were married. Avery is only 34 years old. He never touched liquor, never gambled nor used tobacco, and claims to have been a victim of circumstances. He writes to friends near here that he is leading an honest, upright life, and that when he comes East it will be as a United States Senator from one of the Western States.

TWO AT A TIME.

A Widespread Epidemic of Gory Double Domestic Tragedies.

Ambrose Daggett, a young man working on the farm of David Greely, at Liberty, Me., shot Ella, a young daughter of Greely, through the neck, on Oct. 7, causing instant death. Immediately after the shooting Daggett went into an orchard near the house and shot himself through the head, expiring instantly. Daggett had been partially deranged at times.

Miss Greely was a highly respected and intelligent young lady and a great favorite. Daggett was paying her his addresses, and had lived at her father's house several years past. The double crime was committed simply because the young lady rode out Sunday with another man. On her return Daggett shot her dead in the presence of her uncle. Both were 24 years of age.

William Towle, with his wife Margaret, went to Northboro, Mass., from Millville a week ago to visit the family of Richard Elwood. On Oct. 7, about noon, Towle asked his wife to accompany him to Elwood's cornfield. In a short time two shots were heard and a gentleman going toward the field met Mrs. Towle, who was bleeding at the mouth and staggering from the loss of blood.

After a time she told her story, which was that she was standing with her back toward her husband, when she heard a pistol shot, followed by a peculiar sensation in her head. She was first impressed with the fact of having been shot by the flowing of blood from her mouth.

Towle was found lying on his back dead, with a bullet hole through his head. The revolver was lying on his stomach. Those in position to know assert that jealousy was the cause of the deed. Mrs. Towle is considerably improved, and there is every prospect of her recovery.

John Standiford, the driver of the Contention stage, killed his mistress, a courtesan named Mara, and then himself, at Tombstone, Arizona, on Oct. 4. A little after midnight Mara, a Mexican who had been an inmate of the Maison de Jole for some time was seen to stagger from the house and fall to the ground, blood spurting from a terrible gash in her throat. A crowd rushed toward her, and then Standiford came out of the same house and staggered toward the crowd, a bloody razor in his hand. As he came near he gave a quick cut with the razor across his own throat, completely severing the carotid and jugular vein, and fell face downward on the ground, his life blood flowing in a stream around him. Both were dead. Standiford has been desperately in love with the woman, neglecting his business on that account so that he was discharged by the stage company. At his discharge and consequent loss of income the affection of the woman grew cold; he took to drink, and whiskey and jealousy were the causes which led to the tragedy.

A fullblooded Osage Indian doctor named Joseph Rogers, who has been plying his profession by incantation among the ignorant people at Quincy, Ill., for several years, killed his wife, a white woman, and then suicided at that place on Oct. 8. Since their union the woman by her conduct excited the jealous rage of her Indian husband, and seemed to take pleasure in

doing so. A few months since, in one of these jealous quarrels, he attacked her, and the officer who prevented a tragedy was then overpowered by the husband, who escaped arrest by going away for a few days. During another attack of jealousy Rogers drew a revolver and ended the entire history of an unhappy union by shooting her, and as the police entered the house putting and end to his own existence by the same weapon. The loss to the community by his death will not be felt.

William Fultz, a baker, was a boarder at the residence of Mrs. Noyes, at Benton and Georgia streets, Indianapolis, Ind. On October 3 Mrs. Noyes left the house for a few minutes to go to a neighboring letter box, leaving Mrs. Noyes and her child alone. When she returned, ten minutes later, she found her sister and Fultz, lying on the floor dead, both shot through the heart. The only witness to any part of the tragedy was the child, who says that Fultz came home and passed through the room in which her mother was sitting, entering his own room. In a few moments he called Mrs. Noyes into the room and immediately, the child says, she heard two shots, following which her mother ran into the sitting room and fell dead. Fultz told a friend he would kill himself.

Monmouth, Ill., was startled on Oct. 2, by the discovery of the bodies of Mrs. Annie P. Bailey and her daughter Emma, in a cornfield near the city, a short distance from their home. Their throats were cut from ear to ear with a razor. The family had been searching for them. Mrs. Bailey left a note in her pocket stating that she believed it would be well with her child after death; that she thought it best to sacrifice her life for her daughter's. The daughter's age was sixteen and she was subject to fits. The mother had also been subject to fits, and killed herself and daughter on account of her daughter's ill health. There was evidence to show that the daughter had been blindfolded first with a scarf, and her hands tied until the deed was accomplished.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The exhibition of the fourteen feet long snowshoes of "Snowshoe Thompson," at the Louisville, Ky., exhibition, recalls a singular adventure of their original owner, who was a mail carrier on various Sierra Nevada routes for many years. One morning when Thompson was resting in a hut near Hank's station, something knocked at the door, and going to open it, Thompson saw a big grizzly. Thompson jumped back, and the bear waddled in and gave evidence of his satisfaction at the prospect of a mail carrier for a winter's feast. He couldn't get out of the door, so Thompson jumped up, caught hold of a crossbeam and drew himself up. The bear camped underneath and grinned indignantly, as though saying "Well, old fellow, you've got to drop down sooner or later; here goes to see which one of us can outlast the other."

Thompson sat it out all that day and the following night. There was no use in crying for help, as none would be within hailing until spring. He could not jump down and fight the bear with his pocket knife, his only weapon, and altogether the case looked pretty desperate for the old mail carrier. His snowshoes were leaning from one end of the cabin to the wall at the other end, and Thompson finally opened his knife and lashed it with his scarf, torn in strips, on one end of one shoe, making a formidable lance of it. While the bear camped under him he could not use his lance, the cabin not being long enough. Thompson at last got the animal outside the door by tossing one of his stockings out, which the bear lunged out to investigate. That got him far enough to be prodded and Thompson prepared. When the grizzly had sniffed the bait it turned round, facing the door, and found itself within a foot of Thompson's lance point. The old mail carrier only had a foot to draw back his lance, but he used it to good advantage, for carefully drawing it back he gave it a sudden lunge forward, the knife entering the bear's brain through one of its eyes.

SCOURGING THE SINNERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Hillsborough, a little town in the edge of the mountain region, in the eastern part of Fleming county, Ky., lives Mrs. Loretta Mungle, a widow, young and well to do. Michael Kelly, a miner, who is also young and good looking, took a fancy to her, which she reciprocated. He spent a great deal of his time at her house when not at work. This had been noticed for some time, and some of the ladies of the town appealed to Mrs. Mungle's sense of self respect. She paid no heed to them. Then a committee of the men visited Kelly and advised him, but he told them to mind their own business. This was six weeks ago. Since then the pair have been more than ever together.

Last week a body of inoffensive citizens, masked and otherwise disguised, broke into the Mungle house suddenly after midnight. There they found Kelly and Mrs. Mungle. In a jiffy they pulled Kelly out and also Mrs. Mungle, only they were a little more gentle with her. Five minutes later they were lashed naked to trees in sight of each other, and were whipped. The mob admonished the victims that they would not be responsible for their lives if they did not get out of the county in ten days, and then disappeared.

FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

[With Portraits.]

We present this week portraits of the Southernland sisters, two young actresses who started on their theatrical career in the West when mere babies, and have since won distinction in some of the best theatres of the country. Miss Annie, the eldest, is now filling a most successful engagement in Germany. She is not yet eighteen years old, and has already achieved an enviable position in her profession.

Miss Josie, the younger of the sisters, is only fifteen years old. She was the original *Buttercup* in the Chicago Juvenile Theatre Company, under the management of Hooley & Sprague. She has just closed an engagement at Kansas City, where she did a big business in her skipping rope and song and dance line. For the season of 1883-'84 she will be with Tillotson & Fell.

VERY TRUE, BROTHER.

FOX'S POLICE GAZETTE has a large circulation. The GAZETTE has many subscribers in North Carolina, and has even found its way into some of our colleges.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Biblical Recorder*, Oct. 3.



A DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

TWO RIVALS FOR THE AFFECTIONS OF AN ARKANSAS BELLE FIGHT A DESPERATE BATTLE WITH KNIVES AND ARE HORRIBLY MANGLED;
NEAR BEAR CREEK.



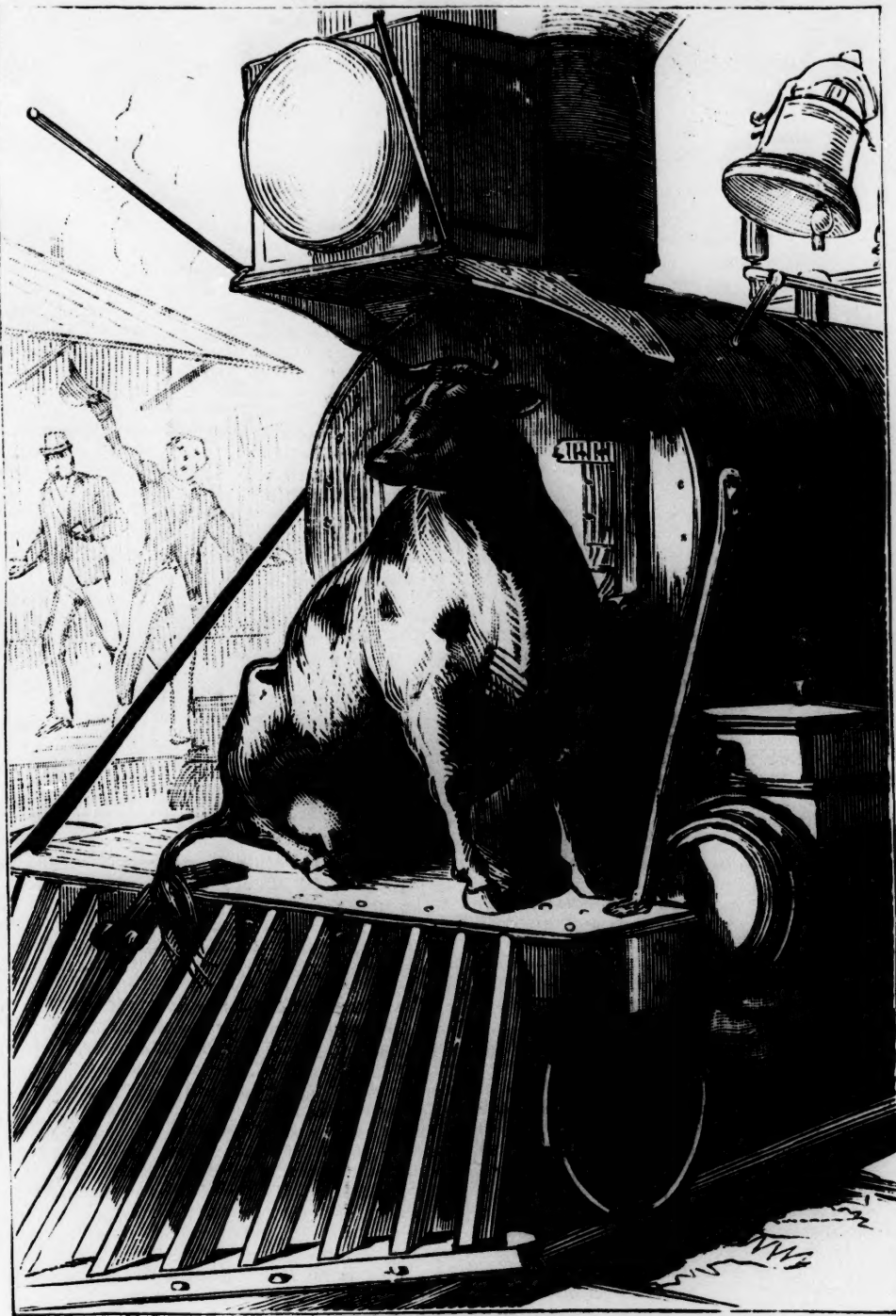
HOODLUMISM IN NEW YORK.

AN OUTRAGEOUS ATTACK BY THREE YOUNG RUFFIANS UPON THE DONOVAN FAMILY AT HARLEM, WHICH WAS REPULSED BY THE BRAVERY OF
TWO YOUNG GIRLS.



SCOURGING THE SINNERS.

THE PUNISHMENT ADMINISTERED TO AN ADULTEROUS PAIR BY THE INDIGNANT CITIZENS OF HILLSBORO, KY.



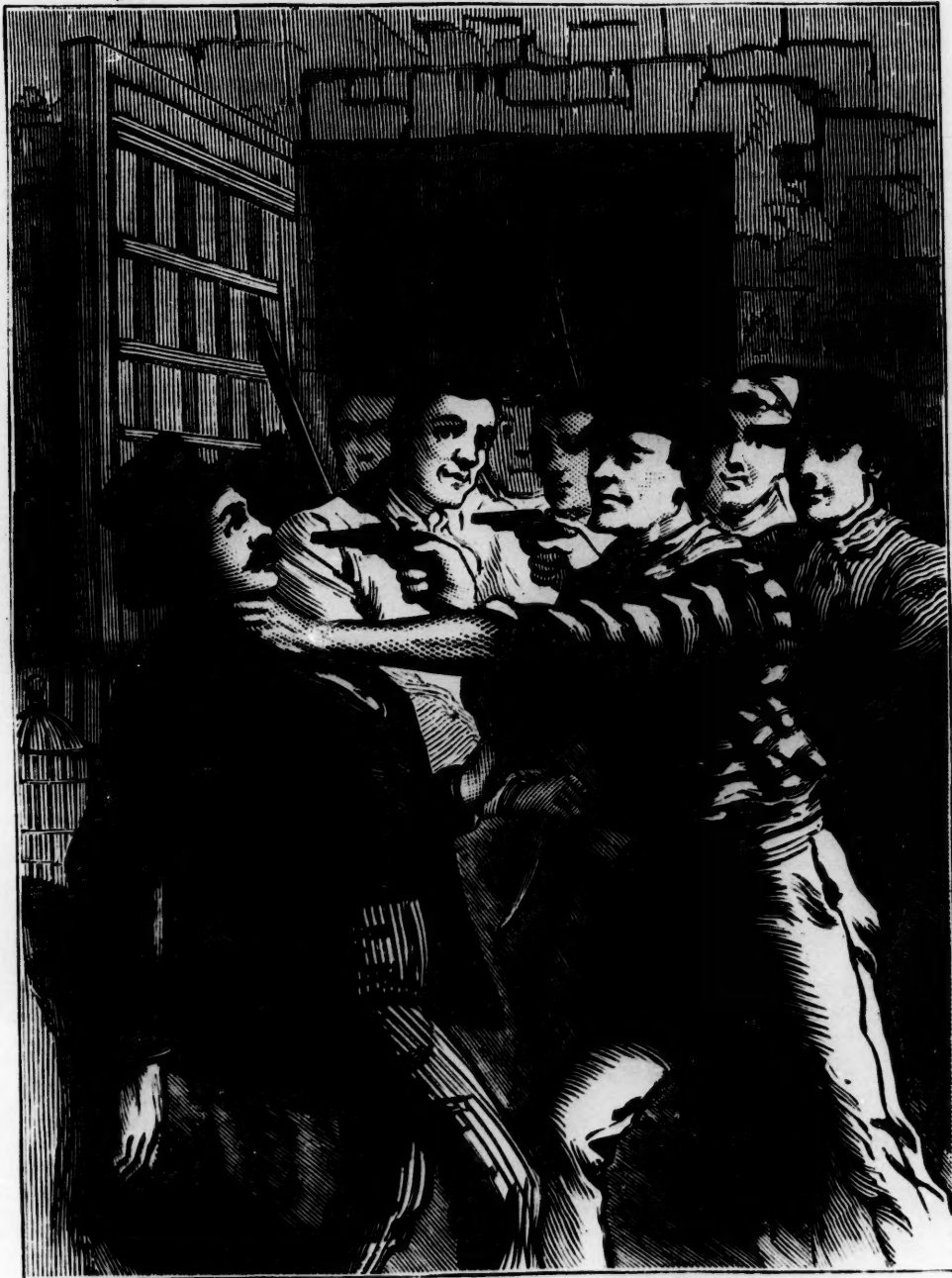
A DEADHEAD PASSENGER.

HOW AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL REFUSED TO BE BUTTED OFF THE TRACK BY THE COWCATCHER, AND STOLE A FREE RIDE ON THE RAILROAD.



HE CAME TO STAY.

HOW A GRIZZLY BEAR PAID HIS RESPECTS TO A SIERRA NEVADA MAIL CARRIER, AND SPOILED THE FRONTIERSMAN'S BEAUTY SLEEP.



TRAPPING THEIR TURNKEYS.

A PARTY OF TWELVE CONVICTS LOCK THEIR KEEPERS IN THE CELLS AND QUIETLY WALK OUT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE LANCASTER, PA., JAIL.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Pendergast-Daly Fight at Silver Lake, Staten Island.

The Brooklyn Pugilist Loses his Self-Control and the Stakes—A Fair and Square Referee.

The glove fight between Joe Pendergast, the Brooklyn Hercules, and Captain James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, was decided at Silver Lake, Staten Island, on October 8.

The match came about in this way. Joe Pendergast offered to box any pugilist in America, according to Queensberry rules, for \$500 a side. Daly, who had never fought in the ring, accepted the challenge, and the pugilists met at the POLICE GAZETTE office where, after a long argument, they agreed to box for \$250 a side. The following articles of agreement were then drawn up and signed:

Articles of agreement entered into this tenth day of September, between Captain James C. Daly, of New York, and Joe Pendergast, of Brooklyn. The said James C. Daly and the said Joe Pendergast do hereby agree to box six rounds, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars a side. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred (\$100) dollars a side is now posted with Richard K. Fox. The second deposit of one hundred and fifty dollars a side is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Saturday, September 22d. The contest is to be decided on Monday, October 1, 1883, in New York city, and the referee is to be selected at the posting of the final deposit. It is also agreed that if either party fails to post the second deposit at the time and place named, to forfeit the stakes posted. Either party failing to appear in the ring between six and seven A. M. to forfeit the stakes.

CAPT. JAMES C. DALY,
JOE PENDERGAST,
CHARLES JOHNSTON,
THOMAS F. LYNCH.

On the posting of the final deposit the pugilists agreed to postpone the fight until the 8th of October, and it was agreed that only ten men on each side should be present.

Daly went into training for the mill and reduced his weight from 206 to 175 lbs.

Pendergast trained at Dick Hollywood's hotel, at Stapleton, S. I., under the mentorship of Arthur Mullin and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan. The battle ground was selected by Thomas Lynch, the noted athlete, and Dick Hollywood. Pendergast reached the battle ground the day before the mill, while Daly did not arrive at the trying place until the morning of the fight. No publicity was given to the affair, and only a few sporting men were given the tip. At daylight the sporting men reached Silver Lake, and no time was lost in arranging the preliminaries for the mill. Both pugilists were on hand, and the selection of a referee was a difficult affair, owing to the fact that John Flood the proprietor of the Idaho, in Twenty-third street, New York, Wm. E. Harding and Mark Maguire, who were chosen, refused to act. Dick Hollywood had been named by the Brooklyn delegation, also John Shanley, of Brooklyn, but Daly refused to have them fill that position. Charley Johnson, of Fulton street, Brooklyn, was finally agreed upon, and accepted the position. At 6:34 Pendergast entered the ring, but Daly did not appear until 7:10 A. M., which was ten minutes later than the time named in the agreement. Pendergast could have claimed the money if he had wanted to do so, but he was eager to fight and was certain he could win without claiming the stakes. Pendergast was born in Brooklyn, and is 24 years of age, stands six feet one inch high, and weighed 180 pounds. Daly was born in Ireland, and is 28 years of age, six feet one and a half inches high, and weighed 233 pounds. His seconds were Arthur Mullins and Wm. C. McClellan.

William E. Harding was selected as timekeeper. At 7:16 time was called, and the principals stepped forward and indulged in a friendly hand shake. Both were bare to the waist, Pendergast being dressed in white knee breeches and red and white stockings, and his colors were tied around his waist; his shoes were of canvas, with rubber soles. Daly had shaved off his mustache. He wore green tights and canvas shoes with rubber soles. He told his seconds he was sure to win. As they advanced toward the centre of the ring Pendergast offered to wager \$100 even that he would win the battle, but Daly did not take it up. When they stood facing each other the contrast was remarkable. Big as Daly is, alongside of his massive and burly opponent he looked boyish. The backers of Pendergast were offering \$100 to \$50 on him. Among the crowd about the ring were many prominent officials of Staten Island, who seemed proud that the Island had been selected for the fighting ground. A Staten Island constable was the ticket taker.

Daly started off with blood in his eye, evidently determined to act on the offensive. He followed Pendergast around the ring, vainly trying to get in a blow on him, and finally got him in a corner when Pendergast, after a feint with his left, dealt Daly a stinging blow on the neck with his right, knocking him down, and then bounded into the middle of the ring amid the wild hurrahs of his friends. First knock down claimed and allowed for Pendergast. After some careful sparring Pendergast got in another stinger with his right on Daly's jaw, and again sent him sprawling on the floor. The blow momentarily stunned Daly, who seemed unable to collect his faculties. When he was feebly endeavoring to rise Pendergast stood over him in a wildly excited state and, as he got on his knees, dealt him a blow in the jaw that made him roll over on his back. Daly's second rushed into the ring claiming a foul; Pendergast's friends also rushed in, making a protest, while the spectators yelled, "Go on with the fight! Go on with the fight!" The referee decided that he did not see the foul and ordered the men to finish the round. They went at it in dead earnest and at close quarters, each giving and taking with a vengeance, though it was noticed that Pendergast's blows were the more powerful and telling, and were rained over the other's body and head, owing to his poor defence. After a short clinch Pendergast broke away, and a moment later landed a pretty one on Daly's nose, causing the blood to flow, and sending him clear under the ropes. First blood claimed and allowed for Pendergast. This seemed to madden Daly, who rushed upon his antagonist and clinched with him. Here there was some more pretty work, of which Daly was getting the worst, when the

three minutes elapsed and the referee ordered both men to their corners. Pendergast showed but little traces of punishment, while Daly was weak and walked to his corner with a tottering step.

After a minute's rest referee Johnson called both men to the scratch again. Pendergast lost no time, but rushing at his antagonist struck wildly at him, getting in several effective blows. Daly for a time feebly resisted, but finally braced up and fought his doughty adversary to the ropes, when the fighting was as hard and sharp as could well be expected. This interesting phase of the battle was suddenly brought to a close by Pendergast, who dealt Daly an unexpected blow in the neck, which made him reel like a drunken man and then fall all in a heap on the floor, while the Brooklyn delegation yelled with delight. Pendergast stood over him trembling with excitement and, as was clear to the most casual observer in the room, wholly deprived of self-control. That his seconds did not caution him to be more than careful at this stage of the fight, when it was doubtful if Daly would be able to get up, was subsequently commented upon as most extraordinary. One word of caution would have won the fight for Pendergast, but it was not uttered, and the Brooklyn boy, carried away by his excitement, hit Daly in the face as he was getting on his knees, and thus lost the battle. The moment the blow was struck Daly's seconds rushed inside the ropes, claimed a foul, and referee Johnson allowed it.

Daly was stupefied by the blow, and did not learn until after his seconds had hustled him from the ring that the fight had been decided in his favor. The fighting occupied exactly 5m 30s.

The unsatisfactory termination of the fight was a great disappointment to the spectators, who freely expressed the opinion that Pendergast would have undoubtedly knocked Daly out in the third round. Daly's pluck was favorably commented upon.

Johnson's decision was a fair and honest one, and although interested in the fight on the other side, sprang into the centre of the ring and declared Daly the winner.

The crowd jumped into the ring and demanded that the fight go on, but the referee adhered to his decision. He said:

"I have got \$100 in this match for Pendergast, but he has lost by his quick temper, when it was all America to a china orange in his favor, as Daly, although game, was beaten."

The weathercock decisions given by Harry Hill, the stakeholder and referee in the fistie encounter for \$2,000 between Wm. Sheriff, of Leicester, England, and Charley Mitchell, the English champion, has been loudly denounced and criticised by sporting men all over the country.

The majority who had bet depending on the result of the battle fought at Flushing, L. I., on Oct. 2, claim that when Hill decided Mitchell had won, he should have kept to the flat, as it was a fair and honest one, and that he should not have reversed it.

Since the affair Hill has found out that he made a mistake, and this error should in the future bar him from ever again being selected to fill the responsible position of referee in an important match of any kind. It must be understood that a referee's duty is more important than the uninitiated suppose. In every bona fide sporting event more or less wagers are made on the result of the contest, and the party who fills the position has full power to decide the stakes and wagers in question.

At the time John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought at Long Point, Canada, on October, 1858, there was so much money at stake in outside bets that two referees were appointed, and these gentlemen were Louis Behal and John Briggs, of New York. In the great national prize fight promoted by me between Sullivan and Ryan for \$5,000 and an outside bet of \$2,000, fought at Mississippi City, Miss., on February 7, 1882, so much money was invested that two referees were appointed (Messrs. J. Brewster and John Hardy). These facts prove that the referee in a prize fight, a dog fight or in any contest, is far more important than many imagine.

Harry Hill, in justification of the two decisions given in the Mitchell and Sheriff business, has sent the following explanation to Richard K. Fox, for publication in the POLICE GAZETTE. He says:

"I see that my decision as referee in the Mitchell-Sheriff contest has been commented on in several papers. I desire to make this statement of facts:

"There were three copies of articles written, none of which was like the others. The one left for me I did not look at for a few days. When I did I saw that the men were to box with soft gloves, six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for points and endurance. On observing this I went immediately to Billy Edwards and told him I would not accept the responsibility of being referee on those conditions. While it was possible to judge points, it was impossible to judge endurance, and I may here quote an instance: In the match between Mace and King, where the betting was \$50 to \$1 on Mace, King won by an accidental blow when all thought he had lost.

"Edwards stated that it was arranged by Madden and himself if both men stood the six rounds the match was to end in a draw.

"Now, both men broke these rules and the articles, by wearing spiked shoes in the first instance, and in the second they sparred seven rounds instead of six, both these acts taking away my responsibility as referee. I gave my opinion in the ring and again give it here: Mitchell was certainly the best sparrer in the six rounds. As for endurance, one was as good as the other, neither being hurt, and in justice to the public who had money on both men, I decided, as I ought to have done, that the affair was a draw."

Hill says there were three copies of the articles of agreement. This statement is no doubt correct, for it is always customary when an important match is arranged for the stakeholder to hold the original, and each of the principals or the parties interested to have a copy of it.

He says he did not look at it for a few days. What does the sporting authority of "Thirty Years in Gotham" mean by such a silly statement, which is quite unintelligible? Are we to consider that he did not know that he held \$2,000, and did not understand by what agreement or rules the contest on which this money was to be awarded to the winner or loser, or is it possible that there were three different agreements? If it was the case all the referee had to do was to decide by the agreement he held. Few will suppose Harry Hill is so dumb as he represents himself to be by the admission that he did not see the articles for a few days. The excuse is a lame and impotent one, and either Harry Hill cannot read, or he was in perfect ignorance of the agreement by which he was to decide \$2,000 in stakes and sporting men's money all over the country. Further, he claims that the pugilists broke the rules by wear-

ing spiked shoes. "The idea!" Was this the fault of the pugilists or the referee? Hill claims that he knew the pugilists were to box according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. Why then did he not see them enforced? It was his place. He was in the ring, and could not have failed to see Arthur Chambers examining the spikes in Sheriff's shoes, for he had his spectacles on, and if he was not blind, could not have failed to see Joe Coburn and Billy Madden try the spikes in Mitchell's. It was his duty as referee to object to the pugilists wearing shoes that are only allowed when men are battling for fame and glory according to the London prize ring rules; but he failed to do so, and his attempt to smooth the ruffled minds of sporting men who wagered money and won, but failed to receive it, owing to his two decisions, is all poppycock and silly.

Again we read in Hill's masterpiece, otherwise his nonsensical explanation that the pugilists also broke the rules by boxing seven instead of six rounds. This statement tops the heap. It was the referee's place at the end of the sixth round to either declare the fight a draw or decide either Mitchell or Sheriff the winner. He failed to do so, but called time for the seventh round. Now, if the pugilists had no right to contend in another round what did he order them to do so for? Mitchell says that he (Hill) ordered the men to fight an additional round. Who broke the rules? Why the referee. The fact of the matter is Harry Hill did not know the rules in the first place, in the second he gave Mitchell his flat and then reversed it, and to escape the odium that has been cast on his biased decision he comes out with an explanation which makes him simply ridiculous.

RICHARD K. FOX.

Billy Madden called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on October 5, deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and left the following challenge on behalf of Charley Mitchell, the English champion pugilist:

NEW YORK, October 5, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Sir—I am prepared to match Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, to spar any pugilist in America three rounds, "Police Gazette" rules for points for \$250 a side. The contest to take place at Mitchell's last appearance (before his departure for England), at Irving Hall, on Oct. 17. The pugilist accepting this challenge must cover my money (\$250 that I have deposited with Richard K. Fox), making a prize of \$500. The judges to be selected by the leading sporting papers, that the contest will be decided on its merits to prove who is the most scientific man in the world.

WM. MADDEN.

At Haverhill, Mass., on Sept. 24, there was a desperate glove fight for a purse between Harry Fellows, a noted lightweight pugilist, and Martin Snee. Fellows' second was Dago Pratt, and Jack Grant was second for Martin Snee. The match was to be a genuine "knock out," a la Sullivan, the man who bested his opponent in three rounds out of five to be the winner. Fellows in the first part of the fight was completely surprised at the science and strength displayed by the "young'un." The men fought like tigers for the first three rounds. At that point, Fellows' eye being closed, he worked at a disadvantage, and all he could do was to attempt to stop or parry a blow and make a slight counter hit. Fellows fought two rounds in despair after he had clearly lost the fight, and did not seem to know or care when he was beaten, till at last Dago had to throw up the sponge in token of defeat. The "mill" was a private one, ten spectators only on each side being allowed. Fellows has won three out of seven prize fights he fought out West, with two draw fights with the notorious Dick Hollywood, 112 pounds, lightweight champion, and three years ago the police with Capt. Webber chased and broke up a flat fight between he and Ted Timony. Martin Snee's first prize fight was with Teddy Racine, which he lost.

A SKELETON WITH A BEER BOTTLE.

The village of Carey, O., has been awfully stirred up lately by the discovery of the skeleton of a man under a haystack. The flesh had all rotted away from the bones, but the clothes were in a state of preservation. Who he was, or how long he had been underneath the straw, could not be ascertained. In the pockets of the pantaloons were found a penny bearing date 1880, a razor, a brass beer check with the words, "Good for 5 cents," inscribed on it; a gold plated ring, with the initials, "O. P.," was also found. A letter, evidently written by a lady, was found in one of the pockets, but was so rotten that nothing tangible could be gleaned from it except the words, "Peru, Ind." A beer bottle, with a patent rubber cork, about half filled with beer, was lying by his side; likewise a phial partly filled with acetic acid. The straw underneath which the skeleton was found had laid there nearly four years, and this, together with the penny of 1880, shows that this death date back only two or three years. Medical experts say that the remains are those of a young man. Whether it was a case of suicide or foul play will probably never be known.

HE WANTED TO DRILL THEM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Professor Bagley M. Watson, M. A., has for some years been running a school in the lonely country town of M—, in Iowa. His school is divided into sections, according to the scholars' sexes. In the male section a sort of military discipline has been in existence for some time, and it has proved so successful that on the reopening of the school season last month the Professor determined to institute a similar discipline on the other side of the house. But the young ladies refused to submit to military rules. He insisted and they resisted. Then he attempted coercion, and the girls fell upon him, wiped the floor up with him, and fairly scared all ideas of discipline whatever out of his head. Professor Watson now admits that girls will be girls, and does not propose to try to make boys of them again.

A DESERTED HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

Charles Butler, the son of Dr. Butler, a wealthy citizen of Columbus, Ohio, has been a dissipated and fast young man for a number of years. About six years ago he married the daughter of a prominent merchant of Columbus. Since his marriage he has treated his wife in a most brutal manner. Some weeks ago he was arrested for theft and was sentenced to 30 days' confinement in the city prison at Pierston. His wife left him while he was serving out this sentence. When he was released he followed her and shot and killed her with a revolver. He swore he would return to Columbus and kill his father. He was arrested and lodged in jail.

A YOUNG GIRL'S HEROISM.

She Makes Good Use of a Flatiron in Defending Her Home and Relatives.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Julia Donovan, a young waiter girl employed in Gibbs' palatial Alderney dairy, in Nassau street, New York city, has proved herself to be a little heroine. She is a frail little creature of fifteen summers, who, judging by appearances, would scarcely be able to down a fly. And yet on the night of the 7th inst. she saved her sister Minnie Donovan from being raped and the rest of her family from the violence of a party of desperate characters. Two of these worthies, who give their names as Michael Stanton, aged 20, and Edward McLarney, aged 17 years, are now awaiting trial in the Tombs prison.

The story of Julia's prowess is best told in the words of the sister she saved.

"My father and mother and nine of us children," said Minnie to a reporter of the POLICE GAZETTE, "were sitting in the kitchen at 9 o'clock in the evening, chatting together before going to bed. While we were talking some one knocked at the door, and father went out into the hall to see who it was. I heard some one ask him for the loan of a 'growler.' He refused it and a scuffle in the hall took place. A moment later father came staggering into the room, followed by one of the prisoners, and another who has not been arrested. The moment they entered the kitchen this one closed the door, locked it and put the key into his pocket. The one not here set upon my father and began beating him. He knocked over the four younger children, and mother with the baby went to father's assistance. Stanton rushed at me, caught me by the throat and tried to commit rape on my person, at the same time calling on his companions to put out the light. Julia came to my assistance, but could not aid me, as the man who had attacked my father and mother then turned his attention to her. We had a desperate struggle in the dimly lighted room. The chairs and tables were overturned and broken, and though we called lustily several times no one of our neighbors came to our aid. Finally Julia broke away from the man who held her, caught up a flatiron and struck this man, Stanton, twice on the head before his companions could stop her. The blood flowed from his head all over my clothes and he at once released me. A panel of the door was then kicked in, and another young man dealt me a crushing blow on the head. I was felled to the floor unconscious, and when I revived a moment later the cry of police was raised, and the three men rushed out the rear window and down the fire escape just as an officer made his appearance in the room. The men were entire strangers to us, and we had never seen or spoken to them in our lives. Why they made this dastardly attack upon us I do not know."

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

John S. Maxwell's Counterfeiting Scheme Goes to Pot.

[With Portrait.]

John S. Maxwell, of Millersburg, Ohio, was arrested late on Monday night, the 8th inst., at Smith & McNeil's hotel, Washington street, New York city, charged with having in his possession photographs of United States notes of various denominations. The complaint against Maxwell was made before Assistant District Attorney Hess, by Charles Kress, an electrotypist in the employ of Lovejoy, Son & Co., at 45 and 51 Rose street. Mr. Kress says that on the 6th inst. Maxwell came to his place of business and asked him what kind of work he did for the concern. He showed him samples of his work consisting of steel plate engravings. After further conversation Maxwell took a package out of his pocket and said:

"This is the business I want you to do."

He showed Kress a number of photographs of legal tenders of the United States, ranging from \$1 to \$20 of different issues, old and new, also a photograph of a \$20 silver bill. The photographs showed both sides of the bill. Kress, in his complaint, alleges that he criticised the photographs, remarking that some of them were not sharp enough. When Maxwell told him that he could get better ones, he said that he had had some work done in Chicago, but it didn't suit him. Kress further alleges that Maxwell wanted him to duplicate photographs on plate, so that a fac-simile of the bills could be printed. He said, further, that there would be no danger in the business, as the bills would easily pass in a rush or in a crowd. Maxwell then invited Kress to call and see him at his hotel, giving him the number of the room, and telling him to give three rap on the door. In response to the question, "Who's there?" he was to respond, "43-6." Maxwell indulged in the hope that he could trust him.

Mr. Kress detailed the matter to the well known bank detective, Tom Sampson, and was by the officer sent to the Chief of the Secret Service in New York, Col. Drummond. By arrangement the appointment was kept in good faith, when Maxwell gave an order for plates for ones, twos, fives and ten dollar bills. He wanted to have printed 25,000 one dollar bills, 12,500 twos; 5,000 in fives, and 2,500 in ten-dollar bills. Shortly after the interview Col. Drummond and his men, who were on hand, arrested Maxwell. A large number of photographs of legal tender notes were found in his possession. He is now in Ludlow street jail awaiting trial.

A "COP" POPS OFF HIS MISTRESS.

A shocking tragedy occurred at New Orleans, La., on Oct. 5, when a disreputable woman, who sometimes went by the name of Kitty Harris, an inmate of a house of ill-fame, was shot dead by a policeman named Edward Ryan, her lover. The girl was handsome and well educated, about 25 years old, and of a quiet disposition. The two had lived together for some months, but for the last few weeks have quarrelled quite frequently. On that fatal day their dispute was of a fiercer nature than ever, and Ryan, half choked with anger, attempted to leave the house. The woman strove to prevent him, a struggle occurred in the doorway, and presently a shot was heard, and the girl fell to the ground mortally wounded. She declared that Ryan deliberately murdered her, but the man denies the assertion, declaring emphatically that the shooting was accidental, and backing up his statement with every appearance of the most acute sorrow. All the other inmates of the house corroborate Ryan's story, but the girl declared on her death bed that the shooting was done coolly and deliberately. The murderer has heretofore borne a good character.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

LATHAM, the real live dude, is playing a fine game of ball. This will be a long, cold winter for some of the ball players. The Cincinnati will wind up their season on the 21st of this month.

THERE are a half dozen nines preparing to make a Southern trip this winter. BROCK EWING got the flowers while playing in Cincinnati from his many friends.

McKENNELL, of the Louisville, gives promise of becoming a great class ball player.

THE Athletics, of Philadelphia, had one \$1,500 to whack up after their great benefit game.

BASEBALL is booming in Reading, and the Athletics will swing off with fine backing next spring.

THE Cincinnati have had remarkable luck on their own grounds this year, only having lost 13 of their championship games.

METRIE has made a wonderful discovery, and in the Metropolitan has found the champions of the American association for 1884.

The last championship game between the Boston and Buffalo was the quickest played on record, it only requiring fifty-eight minutes.

A LITTLE league for a penny, has been organized in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, to play for the championship of Pennsylvania.

It was a cold day when the Hartford beat the Yales, and it made the students shiver to see the Hartford's pounding the ball all over the field.

DANIELS and Kelly are in great demand for the campaign of 1885, and it is more than likely they will again umpire for the American association.

THE Indians won 21 games this season out of the 46 they played, and they are as highly elated as though they had won the championship of the league.

THE Brunettes and Blondes are still shaking their skirts on the diamond field, and have been making an extensive tour through the Eastern States.

It is plain that old Pica-yune Butler is a great baseball enthusiast. He bought ten tickets to the Boston benefit game, and actually went to see them play.

FRANK, who did not come up to expectations with the New Yorks, was run into the Hartford, the training school of the Metropolitan Exhibition company.

HARRISON seems to be in great demand, and were the Buffalo in the auction business they could knock him off to the Boston or Philadelphia to his advantage.

CHARLES FULMER is pretty well fixed and doesn't have to play ball for a living. He is a property owner in Philadelphia, and the rent yield him a handsome revenue.

JOHN KELLY was to have umpired a game in St. Louis but he got his back up and refused to act because some few of the spectators called for another man to officiate.

METRIE has been contemplating a Southern trip during the coming winter; if he keeps on he will get there. This is about the fourth winter he has contemplated that same trip.

Although the Quicksteps, of Wilmington, Del., kept up their organization, financially speaking they ran slightly behind. It is barely possible they will not be in existence next season.

THE Clevelanders, who made such a splendid fight for the championship of the league this season, will open the season of 1885 on a new ground, which is more centrally located than the old one.

It was an unusual occurrence, but the Boston people were so glad to see the "champions" catch on to free seats at the theatre that they cheered them most heartily as they entered the building.

DAN O'LEARY will again take charge of the management of the Indianapolis club next season. The genial Dan made a wonderful success of the team this year, and will no doubt do likewise in 1885.

A St. Louis people are wondering what on earth has gotten into Charlie Daniels. If they would only visit some of the neighboring groceries they would not be kept in suspense very long.

THE Cincinnati contemplate making numerous changes in their ball grounds during the coming winter. A new grand stand and private boxes are to be added, which will be among the special features.

THE Simmons, Sharing, Mason combination, of Philadelphia, made so much wealth out of their show this season that they are going to enlarge the seating capacity to accommodate an assembly of 15,000.

THERE will be some pretty lively work a' ooth the League and American association meetings in December, when the Metropolitan Exhibition company will have to exhibit their manager to both associations.

THE Bostonians were one of the cheapest teams in the league, besides having one of the poorest grounds in the country, but playmen matters of this sort did not prevent them from winning the championship.

THE Peorias have reserved Fussellbach and Sweeney, and as the Northwestern league will continue its organization next season, some of the American association clubs who are after these men are going to get left.

CAPTAIN BOB is going to turn up his toes, and get out of baseball. In order that his good name may be kept before the public, he has caught on to his namesake from Richmond and put him in the Philadelphia club.

THE Buffaloes made mince-meat of the champions of the American association when they struck Philadelphia. Big Brothers paraded little Bobby Matthews, when he hit him for a home run, and doubled the Quakers.

THE Hartford club want Daniels to manage their nine next season. While Daniels is a first class umpire he is liable to prove a regular lack at club management, as they are two entirely different branches of the business.

CHARLES JONES is going to spend the winter "quail hunting in Indiana." This means that he will roast his shins in some beer region in the suburbs of Cincinnati. We know Charlie well, and this is the way he always hunts quail in the winter.

How the American association clubs ever manage to worry through the season under the umpiring of Walsh is a mystery to the baseball fraternity. He lasted just about half a game when the Chicago struck St. Louis, until they kicked him out and substituted Tom Deasley.

LATHAM, of the St. Louis club, caught a splendid watch and chain at the close of the championship season, and he didn't have to run any risk of going into the cooler to get it either, as it was a gift from a number of the prominent merchants, in recognition of his efficient services.

FRANK BLANCHETT is now arranging to take a nine to the Pacific coast, to play in that section of the country from November until after the holidays. He will no doubt take the bulk of the Cleveland players with him, and the very best men from some of the other crack league teams.

THE Anthracite club, of Pottsville, has at last disbanded. John A. Sullivan has returned to the practice of law, but has lost none of his enthusiasm. This winter he will lecture on "Ninety Minutes on Baseball," and for the next season he has a scheme which will startle the country.—Philadelphia Times.

THE Bostonians are looking for a first class fielder to cover centre garden for them. He must be a very fast runner, never make an error, get a base hit every time he goes to the bat, and must not one home run each game. As soon as they find him they will win the championship of 1885—they got it this year by mistake.

WILL GLEASON, while playing with a firecracker, burned his shirt. He tied a sheet around his hand and went and showed it to the other players. He was of course the poor Dutchman was worked up, he thinking because there was a big rag there was something big, so he gave Gleason a month's pay in advance and a week's vacation.

KELLY, of the Indianapolis club, in a recent game with the Columbus nine, went five times to the bat and made two singles, a two-baser and two home runs—five hits with a total of twelve.

If he can give the Bostonians a written guarantee that he will do this in every game next season, they will engage him and pay him \$500 a year for his services.

THE St. Louis people were heartbroken when the Chicago's defeated their crack club to the tune of 4 to 2, especially as the St. Louis boys made ten hits, while the visitors were only credited with four, and 13 men had been pitched out on strikes, by Mullane. It was another of those games in which bunched base hits had its effect on the result of the contest.

THE Union League are going to adopt a new system next season in regard to umpires. To avoid dissatisfaction, they are going to do away with that official, and be governed entirely by the crowd, letting the decision of the majority rule. Close decisions at critical parts of the game, will, if necessary, be decided by taking the eyes and noses of the assemblage.

BRO BROTHERS has come out at the top of the heap once more with the stick. This is the second season he has led the batting of the league. Dan Harris from Sylvan Lake, N. Y., and is one of the most genial men in the arena. He is 6 ft 2 in. in height, and tips the scale at something over 200 lbs. This is the man that Metrie refused to take in 1881, claiming that he was only a chance hitter.

LITTLE "German George" gave Oehlers, of the Shamrocks, who is the ground keeper of the Cincinnati club, \$50 extra, for the able manner in which he had taken charge of the ground this season, which act of generosity knocked Oehlers silly. It required a vivid imagination to picture the scene, were the Metropolitan Exhibition company to give Jack Golding, their ground keeper, \$50 extra for keeping the polo ground in order.

AN exchange says: "We read a great deal at present about the first base man, second base man and third base man, and also of the short stop man, and it occurs to us that Cain was probably the original first base man. Judas Iscariot second and Nero third, while the Wandering Jew may be regarded as the original short stop, for he never made anything but a short stop wherever he went. Noah was probably the first pitcher, for he pitched the ark within and without."

THE advance agents of the New York club are now busily engaged laying out lunch routes for the players during the coming winter. They are doing their work in a very systematic manner, and the routes will be so arranged that their faces will not become too familiar in any one place. Metrie is of course barred, as he is so well known throughout the city that the saloon keepers always gather up the eatables and put them under the counter when they see him coming.

A HANDSOME rosewood bat embellished with solid silver trimmings, was presented by a citizen of Cincinnati to the player making the best batting average of the season. It unjustly fell to the lot of Harry McCormick, who only took part in 15 games, and those games were against bum clubs, while long John Kelly who played in 98 games, was only a slight distance behind him, and Carpenter also stood high in his average. This figuring is evidently a scheme of Caylor's, in order to give his pet McCormick a boost.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer, in speaking of their crack club, says: "It would be rather a hard matter to make an improvement in the present infield of the Cincinnati. Each individual player excels in his particular position, and there is not a superior to any one of them in the league or association." It is a wonder these celebrated players did not "catch on" to the championship, but probably they lost through their poor outfield, as the scribe in his eloquence made no mention of the poor outfielders.

SOME few of the ball players have just energy enough to keep off their uppers a' winter, and they have gotten up a big scheme to go South during the coming winter, where they can pick up a few hard earned dollars by twirling the sphere. The combination who have decided to locate in New Orleans and play other visiting Northern clubs, is as follows: Flint, catcher; Daily, pitcher; Brothers, first base; Jack Farrell, second base; Williamson, third base; Wise, short stop; Gore, centrefield; Kelly, rightfield and change catcher; Weidman, leftfield and change pitcher.

KEEFE and Holbert have high aspirations. Instead of shovelling snow in the parks this winter they have struck for something higher, and have put in applications to be appointed conductors on Pullman palace cars, and have unblushingly named the route they desire to travel, which is one where they will not be exposed to the rigors of a wintry climate. They have selected a run between St. Louis and the southern part of Texas. There is nothing named about these gentlemen, and since they have made their selection it is hardly probable that either of them could be bought off with the presidency of an Eastern railroad.

AT the final championship game in Cincinnati, the management of the Cincinnati club distributed souvenirs among the ladies, which were the finest ever given to be given at a baseball game, and really the finest ever given out at any place of amusement in Cincinnati. There is only one lot of souvenirs which would have surpassed these, and they were the ones Manager Metrie had intended to give out at the one hundredth game of the Metropolitan in 1881. Still we can't exactly count on these, as Metrie never gave them out. He let the one hundredth game come and go, and gave the reporters the gag that they were not quite ready yet, but would be given out when the Metropolitan surpassed the best record ever made in playing the largest number of games. The reporters again went to work, frothing about what all was to be done when the Metropolitan made their big score, but this time also came and went, and Manager Metrie told the boys he had given up the scheme and wouldn't have them that year. Consequently our great souvenirs, which would have astonished the world never got off of paper.

FOR many years baseball has been termed the national game. In a country famous for its hobbies in the way of amusement it is remarkable that this fine athletic sport should have unvaryingly maintained its popularity, and steadily enlisted the enthusiasm of young and old. From a bustling, hurlyburly, out-door diversion it has slowly developed into a science, and, although the lovers of manly exercise are timid about approving the introduction of new-fangled notions, baseball has lost none of its fascinating attractiveness by reason of the application of systematic regulations for its government. The baseball season just drawing to a close has been one of the most successful in the history of the sport. Nearly every great city has profitably maintained one or more organizations. In Boston, for example, the average daily attendance at the ball matches, as the league contest waxed in interest, has been between 3,000 and 5,000, although the admission fee is fifty cents, and car fare to and from the ground is not included. This is indicative of the hold the sport has upon the typical American.—Manchester Mirror.

FLINT, the catcher of the Chicago, probably has the most remarkable record of any man in the place in this country. He has been behind the bat for seven years, and never knew what it was to have a change catcher. Kelly is supposed to occupy that position toward him, but he is rarely called upon. The following figures show the number of games he has taken part in during the time men lived, and it makes a most wonderful aggregate:

In 1877 with Indianapolis, 120 out of 121 games.

In 1878 with Indianapolis, 36 out of 60.

In 1879 with Chicago, 74 out of 79.

In 1880 with Chicago, 82 out of 84.

In 1881 with Chicago, 77 out of 84.

In 1882 with Chicago, 79 out of 84.

In 1883 with Chicago, 85 out of 98.

A total of 573 out of 610, or 37 lost in seven years. During that time he caught hard pitchers like Golden, Nolan, McCormick (now of the Cleveland), Larkin, Hankinson, Corcoran and Goldsmith.—Cincinnati News-Journal.

THE Albany Journal editorially refers to the Boston club as follows: "The conquest which the Boston club has made on the baseball field is one of the few honorable achievements in the world of sports which an eventful season has witnessed. It seems as if a larger degree of cupidity has recently manifested itself in other of the popular games on foot and field than ever before. The goal which signifies the supremacy of the Boston in the national pastime has been won, however, by honest play and a dogged persistence in the face of recurring reverses. It used to be the habit of the baseball players of Boston to bring home the silver trophy year after year, but with the departure from their midst, four or five years ago, of Harry Wright, the presiding genius of the game, their luck took up its way with the course of Empire and went West. For several successive seasons, therefore, the pennant has floated over the clubhouse on the grounds in Chicago; so long, in fact, that there was despair that it would ever be brought back. But the crusaders have retrieved the cause, accomplishing that end by a steady, conscientious devotion to their task. The professional line has become one of the institution of our country, almost inseparable from its civilization as health and life. It is a happy exception from the sporting rule that in this instance nobility supersedes the Boston of having bought their way to the fore by other coin than honest endeavor."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE.

Behind the Scenes and What Goes on There.

The Mysteries of the Theatre Unveiled by an Old Insider, and superbly illustrated. The opening Chapters of this Superb and Fascinating Work appear in

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, No. 27 Out Oct. 13. Price, 5 Cents.

W. E. R., Perth Amboy.—Yes.

W. C., Rochester, N. Y.—Claimant won 5,000 guineas in 1876.

A. B., Peoria, Ill.—Laycock did defeat Wallace Ross in England.

A. E. A., Edmunds, Dakota.—One hundred and ninety-three pounds.

A. B., New London, Conn.—Hazel's record, 67 miles 100 yards is the best.

C. E. B., Baltimore, Md.—The Brooklyn theatre was burned Dec. 5, 1876.

D. F., Boston, Mass.—The great fire at Washington broke out Dec. 15, 1836.

P. S., Boston.—1. No. 2. Write to the Librarian at Washington, D. C.

N. J., New Haven, Conn.—Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824.

S. N., Pottsville, Pa.—Joel Cleugh murdered Mrs. Hamilton in the spring of 1862.

Y. R., Washington, D. C.—The height of High Bridge is 125 ft. Brooklyn Bridge, 110 ft.

F. E., Philadelphia, Pa.—The Chicago Adelphi theatre was burned July 14, 1874.

N. Y., Utica, N. Y.—According to the engineer of the East River bridge its height is 140 ft.

A. Jackson, Taunton.—Write to John Woods, 208 Bowery, New York. He will supply you.

J. M. S., Alcona, Mich.—Constable, the English jockey, died on Feb. 17, 1881, at Epsom, Eng.

R. S., St. Louis, Mo.—President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation Sept. 22, 1862.

OLD SUSSEX, Providence, R. I.—Tom Sayers and Tom King never fought in a prize ring.

W. McCLELLAN, Nortonville.—James Carney claims to be the lightweight champion of England.

H. Olson, N. Y.—1. Moore, the pugilist, was born in Ireland. 2. He stands 5 ft 6 in. weight 156 lbs.

M. J., Baltimore, Md.—Vollinger won the Derby in 1850, not in 1849. Flying Dutchman won in 1849.

P. S., Woodward, St. Louis.—Wm. Sutcliffe, the swimmer, was drowned at New Orleans, on July 7, 1878.

C. W., Boston, Mass.—In the pacing race at Chicago, July 25, 1875, Sleepy Tom paced a mile in 2:12 3/4.

S. W., Sedalia, Mo.—John C. Heenan sparred with Jem Mace in the fall of 1868, at Tammany Hall, N. Y.

N. S., Bordenston, N. J.—Frankness and Springbok ran a dead heat for the Saratoga cup in 1875, 3m 56 3/4.

H. H., San Francisco.—The best running jump on record is 29 ft 7 in. at Chester, England, May 1, 1850.

C. C., Valley City, Ohio.—John Oddy, professional, walked 14 miles in 5h 5m 40s. at Chicago, Ill., May 19, 1876.

F. C. B., South Haven, Mich.—1. Under 133 lbs. 2. Under 154 lbs. 3. Any weight. 4. 180 lbs. 5. 155 lbs.

A. B. C. D., New Haven, Conn.—Ned Scaries (the jumper) best record for a single broad jump was 13 ft 5 1/4 in.

M. W. J., Rochester, N. Y.—Patsy Hogan's (the pugilist's) address is No. 1 & 3 Morton street, San Francisco.

H. A. S., Manchester.—The "American Athlete" will be mailed you on receipt of 25c. It will furnish you with all the information.

K. E., Atlanta, Ga.—1. The Great Eastern was launched January, 1858. 2. She is 600 ft long, with 85 ft beam. Ordinary tonnage, 12,000.

E. D., Charlestown.—1. Giambattista Rubini died March 2, 1854, at Romano, Lombardy. 2. He was considered the greatest of tenors.

H. W., Boston, Mass.—Jim Dalton, the Chicago pugilist, is 30 years of age, stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 172 pounds.

C. E., Boston, Mass.—Wm. Perry, the Tipton Slasher, claimed the championship of England in 1850, after the battle with Tom Paddock.

GEO. WOLD, Montana.—1. Ned O'Baldwin is dead. 2. Tom Allen resides in Dublin, Ireland. 3. Jem Mace is not in Australia. 4. No.

T. S., Limestone, N. Y.—There is no record. 7 1/4 is capital time for 75 yards. A first class sprinter should run 60 yards in 6 1/2 seconds.

P. A., Wisconsin.—1. The best hand lift on record was made by David L. Dowd, at Springfield, Mass., on Jan. 6, 1881. 2. He lifted 1,317 lbs.

T. J., Kansas City.—On Sept. 23, 1880, Uncas ran one mile and three furlongs, with 170 lbs. up, in 3:21 1/4, on the Coney Island jockey club track.

J. F., Selma.—1. If you constantly read the POLICE GAZETTE's sporting department you will be posted. 2. We cannot answer questions by mail.

Y. M., Stendal, Ind.—The greatest distance ridden on a bicycle in 14 hours is 211 miles 1,368 yards, by J. Battersby, at Newcastle, Eng. June 21, 1881.

W. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. John C. Heenan. 2. Send to this office for the "Champions of the American Prize Ring." 3. John L. Sullivan. 4. No.

E. W., Germantown, Pa.—It was the America that was racing with the Henry Clay on the Hudson when the latter vessel was burned July 18, 1852.

McSHANE, St. Paul, Minn.—Wm. Heygster, the German champion wrestler, is heavier than Muldoon. Heygster weighs 240, stands 5 ft in height.

H. M., New Orleans.—The fastest time on record for a heel and toe one-mile walk is 6m 23s, made by Wm. Perkins at London, England, June 1, 1874.

P. W. S., Baltimore.—Sam Hurst, the Stanleybridge Infant, did challenge John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, and Tom King to fight for £200. It was in 1856.

SPROUT, Olean, N. Y.—1. The height of the railroad at Niagara Falls is 178 ft. 2. Sam Patch was intoxicated when he jumped from the Genesee Falls in 1829.

S. H. W., Boston, Mass.—1. J. Ross, of Chicago, stands 6 ft 4 in in height and weighs 203 lbs. 2. We understand he is eager to enter the prize ring. 3. No.

A. B. C., Paterson, N. J.—At Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on May 4, 1875, Paratzo attempted to ride 305 miles in 15 hours with 44 horses, but failed by 10 minutes.

A. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Weston won the Astley belt July 16, 1879. 2. He covered 320 miles. Abe Hicken was born at Wolverhampton, England, Jan. 1, 1840.

G. F., Tyler, Texas.—Da. Collins, who fought Tom Sayers, was backed by Tom Spring's sporting house in London, when he made his debut in the magic circle in 1849.

W. E., Covington, Ky.—The largest run at a four-ball game of billiards is 1,483, made by John McDevitt in a match with Wm. Goldthwait, in this city, Jan. 8, 1868.

C. W., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Paddy Ryan's picture and battles can be found in the "Champions of the American Prize Ring," published by the POLICE GAZETTE. 2. No.

S. E. J., Witneyville, Conn.—Trickett defeated J. H. Saller June 27, 1876, on the Thames, 4 1/4 miles, for £400 and the championship of the world. 2. Heenan won.

D. G., Westfield, Wis.—Send to this office for the office for the "American Athlete." It will give you all the information. We haven't space to answer your questions.

SCALDING, St. Louis, Mo.—Yankee Sullivan was killed by the vigilance committee in a cell at San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1856.

We can send you a POLICE GAZETTE with full history of the affair.

J. E., Beverly, Mass.—Your bet is off. On June 12, 1865, Jimmy Elliott did challenge Jim Dunne to fight for \$2,000, or any man in America, and put up \$500 forfeit.

H. W. M., Hamilton, Ohio.—1. W. M. Schariff defeated Evan Morris in a five mile race, by one length, at Pittsburg, Pa., on Oct. 21, 1876. 2. The stakes were \$2,000.

G. W., Mount Pleasant, Pa.—Bramble defeated Duke of Vazonta for the Saratoga Stakes, for the two-year-olds, three-fourths of a mile, at Saratoga, July 31, 1877, in 1:17 1/4.

W. H., Rodney, Mich.—1. Your bet is off. 2. Neither Joe Cornburn nor Jem Mace holds the title of champion pugilist of the world. Both have retired from the arena.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—The Peyton Stakes, run at Nashville, Tenn., in 1843, was worth about \$4,000. We believe this is the largest racing prize ever run for in America.

C. D., Rochester, N. Y.—1. A is mistaken. 2. Jim Smith and Australian Kelly fought the longest prize fight on record, viz., 6h and 15m. 3. It took place in Australia, in 1855.

W. S., Brookville, Pa.—1. Sir Garnet Wolseley was born at the Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, Ireland, June 4, 1833. 2. He was the son of a major of an infantry regiment.

G. S., Parker's Landing, Pa.—The longest battle fought in England, was between Mike Madden and Bill Hayes. They fought 6 hours 3 minutes, at Edinburgh, July 17, 1849.

P. D. Q., Boston, Mass.—1. Joe Cornburn was never beaten by Jem Mace or any other pugilist. 2. Cornburn defeated Harry Gribben, Mike McCool, and fought a draw with Jem Mace.

S. L., Louisville, Ky.—1. Peregrine has been sold to Lord Arlington for 6,000 guineas and certain contingencies. 2. He ran second to Iroquois in the race for the English Derby.

S. W., Hornellsville, N. Y.—1. Heenan was blind at the end of the battle. 2. It is claimed that King was the more scientific, but Heenan was the hardest hitter. 3. Death. 4. No.

SPROUT, Chicago, Ill.—1. "Champions of American Prize Ring" is not out of print. Will be mailed on receipt of 25c. 2. "Life of John Morrissey" can be mailed at any time for 30c.

J. T., Newport, R. I.—1. Jimmy Elliott, the pugilist, was defeated by Johnny Dwyer in a battle at Long Point, Canada, for the championship and \$2,000, therefore R wins. 2. He is dead.

K. A., Orleans.—1. Gen. John A. Dix was a native of New Hampshire. 2. He served in the war of 1812, the Mexican war and the Rebellion. 3. He died in New York, April 22, 1879.

A. B., Trenton, N. J.—1. At Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1872, John Hatfield threw a baseball 133 yards 1 ft 1 1/4 in. which is the best throw recorded. 2. Hatfield belonged to the Mutual baseball nine.

H. A. S.—1. Pool room keepers in New York, take for commission three per cent of the gross amounts, in the pool. 2. The commission on auction pools up to 1879 was three per cent on the winnings.

S. B., Pleasant Hill.—1. Heenan and Sayers did fight on April 17, 1868. No matter how much coin you bet they did not fight on that date. 2. No, you cannot withdraw your bet when you are wrong.

A. B., Memphis, Tenn.—Blower Brown's (the English pedestrian) best record for a six-day go-as-you-please, is 553 miles and 170 yards, made in the contest for the England Astley belt in England, Feb. 16, 1880.

C. E., Erie, Pa.—1. Weston started on Jan. 18, 1879, from Windsor, Eng., to walk 2,000 miles on the turnpike roads in 1,000 consecutive hours. He covered 1,977 1/2 miles and failed. 2. He is in England.

A Gambler Roasted to Death.

At Provincial, in Natchitoches Parish, La., Sunday night, Sept. 30, six negro section hands on the New Orleans and Pacific Railroad and Ned Bradfield (or Bradford) sat down to a game of cards. Luck was in favor of Bradfield, who succeeded during the progress of the game in winning all the money of the other gamblers. The losers, incensed at their losses, became violent in their demonstrations against Bradfield, and insisted upon his returning the money he had won. Naturally he refused.

An attempt was made to take it from him. He resisted violently, and so angered his assailants that, in their rage, they threw the unlucky winner upon a log fire and held him down over the blaze, holding him by each leg and arm. Bradfield, in his agony, managed to wrench himself from the grasp of the negroes, but not until he was terribly burned. His hair and scalp, one hand and the other arm were completely burned away.

In this mutilated condition he managed to walk several miles in search of assistance. Remedies were applied, but the man died in great agony Monday.

The facts of the murder were kept concealed for several days, when warrants were issued

for the arrest of the perpetrators. They are known to be a desperate gang and are believed to have killed their section boss a few days before the assault upon Bradfield, although upon

preliminary examination for that crime they were discharged, it being impossible to secure evidence against them. If the ruffians are captured they will probably be lynched.

the excitement Cross fled toward a cornfield, and by good running reached it and made good his escape for the time being. Vernon and Cross lived near Van Buren.

All on Account of Politics.

A fatal stabbing affray occurred at a special election on Sept. 25, in Van Buren township, Ind. A group of men were waiting for the returns. Some of them engaged in a friendly scuffle, the outcome of which was a fight, in which one man was slapped in the face and another knocked down. This difficulty was soon quelled, but not until considerable bad blood had been stirred up among the friends of the belligerent men. Among these was William Cross, aged 20 years, and Charles Vernon, aged 23 years. Vernon, who was the stronger man of the two, shoved Cross several times and followed him around in a menacing manner, and finally made at him, exclaiming: "I am going to lick you, anyhow." Cross, who was trying to evade a fight, at this drew from his pocket a heavy penknife, and falling on his antagonist stabbed him about a dozen times before he was pulled away. Vernon was cut in the head, face and abdomen. His left lung was cut entirely through. The wounds were four inches long. During



ROASTING A GAMBLER.

HOW A PARTY OF NEGROES IN NATCHITOCHES PARISH, LA., BURNED TO DEATH THE CARD SHARP WHO HAD WON THEIR MONEY.



JOSIE SUTHERLAND.



ANNIE B. SUTHERLAND

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

Joe Pendergast.

We present this week a full length portrait of Joe Pendergast, the wonderful young Brooklyn pugilist, whose recent fight with Captain Daly has attracted attention to him as the probable coming man to knock out Sullivan.

Pendergast is a brawny, muscular young fellow, 23 years of age, stands six feet and half an inch in his stocking feet, and when in fighting trim, tips the beam at 180 pounds. He was born in Brooklyn, and has always borne a local reputation as a "hitter," having on several occasions come out of impromptu fights with flying colors. Last winter he attracted the attention of Dick Hollywood and Professor McClellan, and those astute judges of the requirements that go to make up a pugilist, seeing that Pendergast was quite a likely fighter, took him in charge and began instructing him in the mysteries of the manly art. He showed so much aptitude and progressed so well under their tutelage that they felt they could trust him in the ring.

In the fight at Staten Island Pendergast proved quite conclusively that he was a terrible hitter, as several times he knocked Daly clear off his pins with well directed blows. He was quick as a cat in his movements, and displayed much ability in freeing himself from his adversary's grip. The only fault noticed in his fighting was his tendency to lose control of himself.

The referee properly decided that Daly had won the fight by a foul, though it was quite clear that he would have been knocked out in the next round, so severe had been the punishment Pendergast inflicted on him.

The "Redmen's Council."

Great excitement has prevailed in the vicinity of Phillippi and Clarksburg, W. Va., over the exposure of the "Redmen's Council." Kittles, one of the gang, and the man who confessed to a series of robberies, pleaded guilty on Oct. 4, and was sentenced to nine years and four months imprisonment. Albert Price, who was committed for ten years, was a prominent lawyer and a Sunday school teacher. As the result of Kittles' confession the officers have arrested Jacob S. Huffman, ex-county treasurer, and who is in custody at Clarksburg. Other arrests will follow to the number of at least one hundred.

The company to which Kittles belonged was known as "Company C, Regents of the Tribe of Crows," but the private word was the same in all the branches.

Allases were borne by the members, and two passwords were used. The first was "Ko," response, "light;" second, "Where are you going?" answer, "Centennial." The grip was given by grasping the hand in the usual manner with the thumb pressed between the knuckle joints of the second and third fingers of the right hand. Other signs and grips were in use to such an extent that a book of them were kept. The tribe also have a constitution, article nine of which is as follows:

"All transactions of the lodge shall be kept secret, and any violation of this shall be pun-

ished with death with the concurrence of the lodge."

Article tenth says:

"Any one divulging the name of any party belonging to the society, either directly or indirectly, intentionally, shall receive the above punishment."

An example of the kind of allases the men bore, is shown in the roll of Company C, from which the following are taken:

service, but was induced to leave the building without causing much interruption. On Sunday, Oct. 7, McAllister was among the first at the church, and took a seat in a front pew. Preparations were just making for opening the service, when McAllister arose and asked the minister not to preach. His request not being complied with, the madman shouted: "If you undertake to preach Christ, and Him crucified, I am here to make you prove your doctrine."

suddenly drew a dirk from beneath his coat and advanced toward him. The preacher backed from the pulpit into the aisle, and retreated toward the door. The sight of the knife terrorized the female portion of the congregation, and they stampeded with screams, followed by many of the men. Six of the stoutest men of the congregation remained behind, bent on securing McAllister before he could accomplish any harm. Divining their intention, the

maniac threw off his coat, and baring his arm to the shoulder, advanced on his antagonists with his knife raised ready to strike. As the men retreated, McAllister followed until he came opposite an open window, through which he suddenly jumped, and made his escape.

Rev. Ambler's Carnal Medical Treatment.

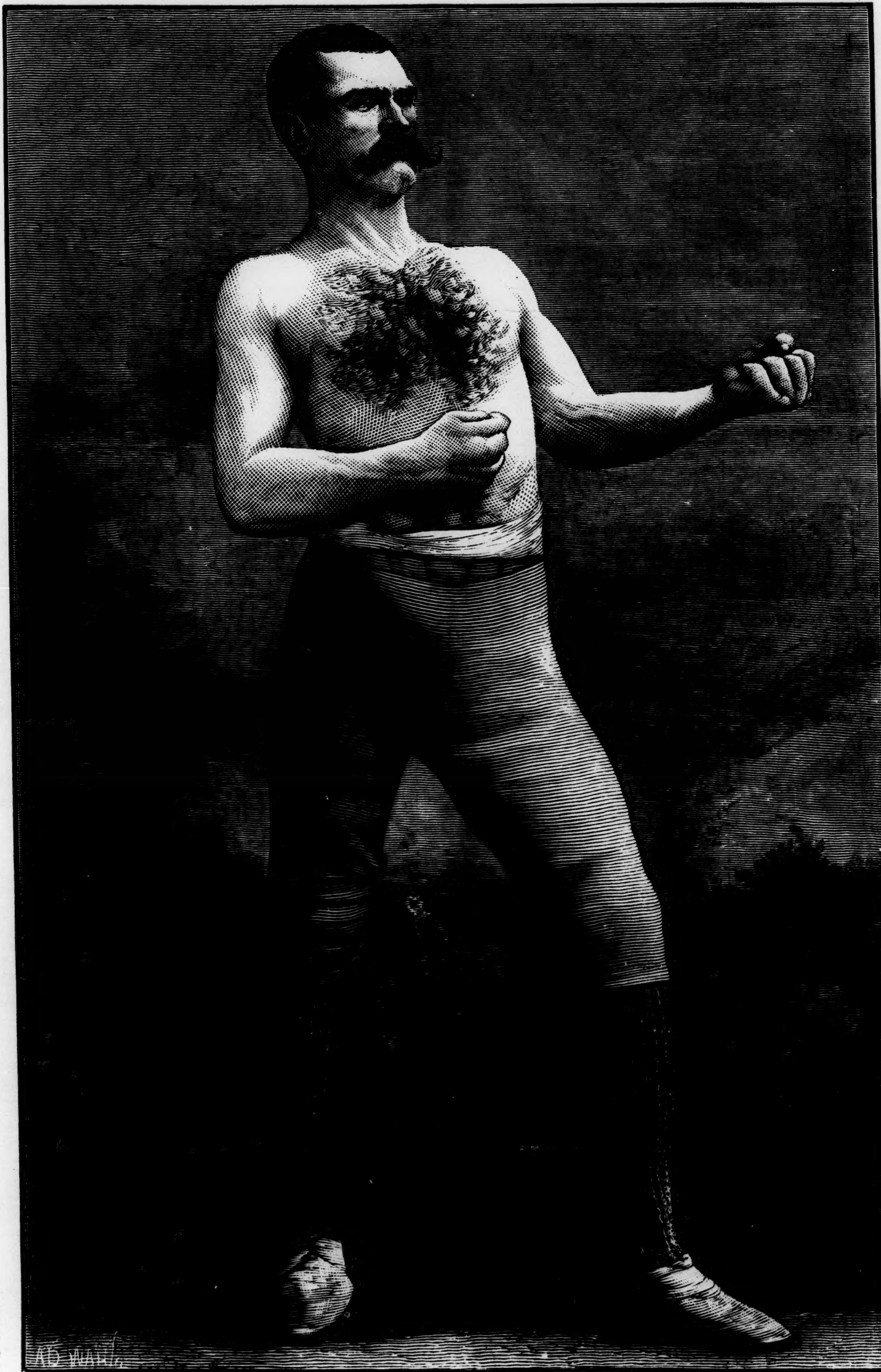
The Rev. R. C. Ambler, a Methodist preacher of Sank Centre, Minn., was called upon some time ago to attend the wife of Mr. Keefe, a member of his congregation, who was in poor health, he having formerly been a practicing physician. Hearing his wife screaming, Keefe rushed into the room and caught the minister in the act of attempting an outrage. The matter was hushed up for a time. Mrs. Keefe shortly afterward moved to a small town near Fargo, D. T. Ambler went to St. Paul to attend the session of the conference, and was followed by Keefe, bringing with him affidavits from the other witness to the outrage. The matter has already been laid before Bishop Simpson and other prominent members of the conference, who declared that it was not the first time that Ambler had appeared before the conference in an unfavorable light.

Attempted Murder and Suicide.

At Iowa, Ill., on Oct. 2, William Diver, a deaf mute, attempted to murder his deceased brother's widow by striking her a terrible blow on the forehead with a handaxe. He first attacked her in the house, but she caught the axe with both hands and wrestled with him until they both got outside, when she stumbled and fell backwards, still clinging to the axe with one hand, and he still striking at her, with his knees on her breast, and would have killed her outright had not her screams attracted a gang of section men who rushed to her rescue. Immediately upon their approach upon the scene Diver rushed into the house, and soon appeared at the door with a ghastly wound in his throat, from which the blood was streaming profusely. After looking at his victim he immediately turned back and fractured his own skull with the same handaxe, by striking himself against it a number of times. He cut a horrible gash in

his throat, severing an artery and partly severing the windpipe. He died almost immediately. The woman's injuries were very serious, if not fatal. The cause for the deed is that Diver wanted the widow to marry him, which she refused.

A MAN in Rochester has such a cracked voice that he rarely says anything without breaking his word.



JOE PENDERGAST,

THE YOUNG BROOKLYN PUGILIST, WHO RECENTLY FOUGHT CAPT. JAMES C. DALY ON STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

[Photo by John Wood.]

"Spotted Tail," president; "Red Cloud," vice president; "Captain Jack," secretary; "Captain Wis Kat," first lieutenant; "Steadfast," second lieutenant; "Copperhead," first sergeant.

A Maniac Worshipper.

Samuel McAllister, who lives at Central Point, an out of the way hamlet in the lower part of Pike county, Ga., a week ago disturbed a church

As the minister started to announce his text McAllister leaped from his seat into the pulpit, and glaring at the clergyman, yelled:

"If that is your doctrine, Sir, prove it before you go any further!"

Upon being asked to be quiet, McAllister said: "Oh, I can't keep quiet. God has sent me to do this, and I will sacrifice my life blood on His altar if necessary for His cause."

As the clergyman still stood firm, McAllister

SPORTING NEWS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.
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Behind the Scenes and What Goes on There.

*The Mysteries of the Theatre Unveiled by an Old Insider, and Superbly Illustrated. The opening Chapters of this Superb and Fascinating Work appear in*FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.
No. 27 Out Oct. 13. Price, 5 Cents.

JAMES F. CARROLL, of Holyoke, Mass., wants to fight Billy Frazier.

TEEMER has challenged Weisgerber to a three-mile sculling race for any amount he may name.

JAMES W. JONES and C. W. Rogan are to arrange a wrestling match at St. Albans, Vt., for \$500.

J. W. DACEY defeated Al Kent in a 100-yards race for \$600 by three yards, at Wakefield, Mass., Oct. 6. Time, 11.38.

W. D. BECK has opened his new (Rye Beach Branch) sample room, No. 1,346 Third avenue, corner of 102d street, New York city.

TIM HAGGERTY defeated Alf Love in a 150-yard race for \$1,000 a side at Tusville, Pa., Sept. 23. The time was announced as 15.78.

JOHNSTON, the pacer, has beaten all records, having covered a mile, in the extraordinary time of 2m 10s, at the Driving Park, Chicago, Oct. 9.

THE 100 yards foot race for \$200 a side, between McGulgan, of Cambridge, and Murphy, of Southville, is off, each party agreeing to a division of the stakes.

PAT KIRBY, of Pittsburg, the owner of the champion bulldog Jack, will match him against any other dog in the world, at 33 lbs., for from \$100 to \$1,000 a side.

IT is rumored that Peter Conley can be matched to row George Hosmer three miles, for \$1,000 a side, by a Bostonian, the race to be rowed this season.

JOE PENDERGAST will box Jack Davis four or six rounds, with hard or soft gloves, in private, for \$1,000 a side. This challenge is open to any man in America.

ED. HANLAN has offered Courtney \$2,000 if he defeats Teemer in a three-mile race. If Courtney makes a match, Teemer will show him over the course lively.

JOE PENDERGAST was arrested on Oct. 10 for participating in a glove contest with Capt. James C. Daly, at Staten Island, and was liberated on furnishing bonds for \$500.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN defeated C. W. Howe, Jerry Hourihan and Wm. Hollis in a one-mile run at the Brockton, Mass., fair grounds, Oct. 6, covering the distance in 5m 14s.

A SLASHING mill was fought at Newark, N. J., on Oct. 7, between Joe Richardson and Watt Douglass. Three rounds were fought, each resulting in a knock-down by Douglass. Richardson retired from the ring.

PETE MCCOY, of the John L. Sullivan combination, writes that after he returns from his tour he will fight anybody for \$1,000 or more a side, he to weigh 145 lbs and his opponent 150 lbs. He prefers Mitchell or Wm. Sheriff.

IF Courtney is under the impression that he can defeat Ed. Hanlan, the champion, why does he not issue a challenge and send on a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE office, which will be immediately covered and a match insured.

YOUNG MACK and Frank Williams (colored), will meet in a six-round glove contest at The Allen's, 50 Bleecker street, New York, on Monday, Oct. 22. The winner will receive a purse and the gross receipts of the house.

GEORGE CLARK had a grand opening at his new sporting saloon, "Police Gazette" Exchange, No. 120 Hester street, corner of Chrystie street, New York, on Tuesday evening, October 9, the occasion being the 60th anniversary of his birthday.

THERE is very little prospect of a race between Wallace Ross and Al. Hamm. The latter's backer named Silver Lake or New London. Ross' representative will not allow him to row on either of these courses, so the matter rests.

MR. J. I. CASE, of Racine, Wis., and Mr. W. J. Gordon, of this city, are arranging the details of a match between the trotting wonder, Jay-Eye-See, and the demon Chingstone. The race will probably take place on the Cleveland track within four weeks.

JIM SMITH, the retired pedestrian and famous trainer of runners, walkers, etc., has removed with his wife and family to Shenandoah, Pa. He intends shortly to go into the saloon business, and as it is a great sporting town, the prospects for success are encouraging.

THE \$250 posted by James Keenan, of Boston, on behalf of C. E. Courtney to row Wallace Ross, has not been covered. Everything is satisfactory, except the date fixed for the race, Oct. 25. Ross does not wish to row before Nov. 10. Courtney is training at Troy, N. Y.

FRANK H. HART, the celebrated long distance colored pedestrian is now engaged with Max Stadler & Co., the ready made clothing house, 506 and 507 Broadway, New York city, as salesman. Frank paid the POLICE GAZETTE office a visit on Oct. 10, and he is looking first rate.

JIM KEENAN, the noted Boston sporting man, opened his new saloon on Monday night, Oct. 8. It has been fitted up in first class style, and will be one of the leading sporting resorts in the Hub. It is situated at No. 35 Kneeland street, the house in which Major Green lived for 25 years.

JOE PENDERGAST, of Brooklyn, who was recently defeated by Captain James C. Daly, owing to a foul blow, is not satisfied. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on October 8, accompanied by his backer, and said he would like to meet Daly again, and would wager \$1,000 to \$500 that he can beat him.

HARRY MONROE, the champion all-round athlete, has returned to this city from Asbury Park, N. J., after having spent the season there. He is looking well and seems in fine condition, and is ready to participate in the coming winter athletic sports. He purposes visiting England and Australia this winter.

C. E. LILES, winner in 1881, and H. W. Gasford, winner in 1882, had a good race in the annual five-mile bicycle contest for the challenge cup of the Kidare Bicycle and Tricycle club sports, held on the

three lap track, Sept. 22, at Lillie Bridge grounds, London, England. Liles, with a great effort, won by barely a foot, in 16m 4.45s.

AT the Newmarket, England, second October meeting, held on Oct. 10, the race for the Middle Park Plate for two-year-olds was won by Lord Falmouth's bay filly Busybody. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's brown colt Royal Fern came in second, and Sir J. Willoughby's chestnut filly by Hermit, out of Adelaide, third. There were seven starters.

TURNER Hall, McKeesport, Pa., was well filled on Oct. 6 by sporting men, who were attracted by the bottling match between Henderson and Doren. Each man had 20 dozen to bottle. Henderson beat his opponent 46 bottles, and was declared the winner by the judges. Another chance will be afforded Doren in the near future to retrieve his lost laurels.

THE sparring exhibition given at London, Ontario, on Oct. 5, by Jack Stewart and C. A. C. Smith (colored), was a tame affair, neither Stewart nor Smith showing in as good form as was expected. "Prof." Hadley and Carroll, of New York, had a set-to, but Harry Woodson (the Black Diamond), who had been advertised, did not put in an appearance.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Edwin Bibby, Charles Courtney, Mike Donovan, Frank C. Dobson, George Fulljames, Dick Garvin, Thomas Hussey, John Lacy, George W. Moore, Wm. Muldoon (2), Jas. Magowan, Frank Rose, John L. Sullivan, Arthur Stanley, Frank Seton (3), D. T. Twomey, Henry W. Taylor, Robert Vint, Captain Matthew Webb, Geo. W. Wingate, Tim Hussey.

AT the fall regatta of the Yale College, held at New Haven, Conn., Oct. 10, the six-oared barge race, one mile, with a turn, between crews from the Yale class of '87 and the freshman class of the Sheffield Scientific school, was won by a length by the Yale men, who led from the start. Time, 6:10. An eight-oared shell race, two miles, between juniors and sophomores, was won by the juniors, who took the race by a length in 12:30.

JIM PATTERSON, the well known sporting man, who keeps a saloon at the corner of Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, New York, was attacked by a man named Michael McGuire, with a knife, on Oct. 8, and stabbed in four different places. The man began a wrangle with Patterson, and when the latter attempted to put him out, the knife was brought into requisition. Mr. Patterson's wounds, we are glad to know, are not serious.

EDWARD and Dan Ward, nephews of Josh Ward, and the McDermott brothers of Verplanck's Point rowed a three-mile double scull workout: boat race on the Peekskill Bay, on the Hudson river, Oct. 5, for a purse of \$200. The betting was even before the start, and the men got a good send off, the Ward boys getting the best of it, and beating their opponents half a minute at the stake boat. Coming home they widened the gap and came in winners in 22m 30s, beating the McDermotts nearly a quarter of a mile.

THE proposed prize fight between Harry Maynard, of San Francisco, Cal., and Jack Hallinan, for \$2,500 a side, will probably end in smoke. Hallinan proposes to fight with bare knuckles knowing that such a contest would not be allowed to take place, and would only end in a "fizzle." Maynard posted a forfeit of \$500 and wanted the "mill" decided in a private room with only four or six friends as spectators. This, Hallinan would not consent to, which looks as if he did not want to fight but is only looking for newspaper notoriety.

ST. JULIEN, recently defeated by Jay-Eye-See in three straight heats, met a similar fate when he tried conclusions with Trinket, at Albany, N. Y., on Oct. 5. The race was for a purse of \$2,500. Before the first heat the betting was 50 to 20 on St. Julien, but when the mare won the heat the odds changed to 50 to 25 on Trinket. The first and second heats were very close, Trinket passing her opponent each time just before going under the wire. In the deciding heat St. Julien behaved very badly and cast one of his fore shoes, but he would have been defeated in any case. Time 2:18, 2:18 and 2:23.

Two foot pads met Tom Allen, ex-champion pugilist of America, at the mouth of an alley near his saloon, at St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 8, and failing to "identify" him they began to arrange to capture his elegant gold watch and chain. He received them good naturedly, and allowed them to work their game, until one of them attempted to lift his watch out of his pocket. He then let go and knocked the man senseless in the gutter. The other one ran, and Tom, who is now quite meaty, pursued, calling lustily for police. The fugitive ran into the arms of an officer and was captured. Tom returned to his first victim, and helped him up and forwarded him to the station also. Both will probably go to the penitentiary as a result of their wretched mistake.

JACK GOULDING and Alf Badger, the veteran trainers, will be tendered a joint benefit at the polo grounds, One Hundred and Tenth street and Fifth avenue, New York, on Monday, Oct. 22. The programme will consist of wrestling, boxing, club swinging, jig dancing and other athletic games, commencing with a mile run, followed up by a mile walk, 75-yards run, 125-yards hurdle race (handicaps), open to all amateurs, entries free, to be sent to Jack Goulding, at polo grounds, or Alf Badger, Manhattan grounds. Gold and silver medals will be offered as prizes. L. E. Myers, the champion amateur runner of America, will attempt to run one mile, at four starts (40 yards each), inside 3 min. 30 sec. John Keen, the English champion bicycle rider, will race against a trotting horse. In the boxing matches science only will count. No knocking out will be allowed.

THE following parties called on Richard K. Fox, at the POLICE GAZETTE publishing house, during the week: Batt Sweeney, Tom McAlpine, Arthur Chambers, Wm. Sheriff (the Prussian), Stacy Ogden, Christian Betsch, J. J. Bradley, Edwin A. Moore, U. S. S. "Tennessee"; Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, Joe Fowler, Tommy Barnes, Billy Madden, Charley Mitchell, Harry Hill, Harry Montague, Jem Mace, Young Nixey, James Pilkington, Jim Keenan, Boston; Frank Stevenson, Magt. Moore, Dick Hollywood, Wm. F. McCoy, Charley J. Boston, Brooklyn; Joe Pendergast, Arthur Mullin, Harry Monroe (general athlete), Frank H. Hart (colored pedestrian), Johnny Reilly, Tim Ryan, Milford, Mass.; Jim Patterson, Dick Toner, Capt. James C. Daly, James Quigley, Jack Boylan, Joe Coburn, Harry Wiseman, "Police Gazette" Exchange, Astoria, Oregon; John Connors.

FRANK GEISLER and James Lafferty, pugilists, of Pittsburg, had a prize fight five miles down the Ohio on Oct. 5. No ring was pitched, but a line was made and the men took the scratch, and the ring was formed by the friends of both parties who were in attendance. The men when they came to the place, were stripped and put in shape by their seconds. They then came to the scratch, and some one said "Shake hands before you start," but Lafferty responded, "I will not, and you can bet that I will put the business to this Dutchman Geisler." Time was then called and the men proceeded to business. After a few minutes Lafferty succeeded in flooring the German. In the

second round Lafferty again knocked his man down. In the third round the Dutchman came up in pretty good shape, and after a few minutes succeeded in getting a good lick in on Lafferty's nose and drew first blood. The last three rounds were all in favor of Geisler, and were settled in very short order, not one of them lasting more than two minutes. In the last round—the twelfth—Lafferty got a severe blow under the ear which laid him out, and it took a considerable time for his seconds to bring him to.

IT is now beyond a doubt that the fastest amateur sprint runner in the world is T. Ritchie of Bradford, England, who is credited with having accomplished some extraordinary performances. At the games of the Birefield Harriers, held at Aston Lower grounds, Birmingham, England, Sept. 15 and 17, a startling feat was accomplished. In the 120 yards handicap, Ritchie, starting from scratch, won his heat in 11.35s, and in the final, which was run in 11.8s, he was beaten barely half a yard from the winner. The Aston track is acknowledged to be a fast one, but at the same time it must be borne in mind that Ritchie has recently accomplished what no other amateur has hitherto approached on this path. When Myers, Phillips and Cowie competed in the championship meeting at Aston, the time for the 100 yards was returned as 10.15s, while Ritchie's time for the distance was 9.45s. At Hinkley, Ritchie was timed to run 120 yards on grass in 11.35s. That Ritchie is one of the fastest amateurs we have ever had we have not the slightest doubt. On Sept. 18, at St. George's Recreation grounds, Oakenates, Ritchie won the 120 yards' handicap from scratch, in splendid style, in the extraordinary time of 11.45s.

AT Harry Maynard's Sporting Palace, 425 Pine street, San Francisco, on Saturday evening, September 22, there was a grand display of boxing and wrestling. The entertainment opened with a Greco-Roman wrestling match between Harry Downie, the 140-pound champion of Scotland, and Mons. Hedman, of Paris, for a purse. The first fall was gained by Downie, after a hard tussle, in 11m. In the second bout "Hedman" caught his opponent by the legs and thereby lost the match. Harry Maynard was referee. Martin J. Murphy, the Irish champion pedestrian, and lightweight boxer, who had arrived from the East, and Fred Stanley, of Frisco, had four give and take rounds, which were followed by two amateurs. Harry Maynard, the lightweight champion of the Pacific coast, and Mike Houston, heavyweight, next came on to spar four rounds. In the second Maynard dislocated one of his toes, and had to spar on one foot. Hopping round his opponent in the third round he caught him a right hand cross counter which felled him. After getting up he walked off the stage, being satisfied with what he got. Two young boys, Johnny Coleman and Joe Kelly, both of Frisco, boxed for a purse. This was an excellent display, and after a hard tussle of four rounds, Queensberry rules, the referee, Harry Maynard, declared it a draw and divided the money.

IN reply to the statement of Harry Hill about his decisions in the Mitchell and Sheriff mill at Flushing, we have received the following from William Madden, Mitchell's backer:

OCTOBER 9, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—I have seen a card in the papers signed Harry Hill, in which he states that Billy Edwards informed him that I had agreed, should Mitchell and Sheriff spar the six rounds, the contest should be decided a draw. Said statement I declare to be false in every particular. My agreement was that the pugilist having the best of the contest should receive the \$2,000. Hill also states that Mitchell and Sheriff broke the rules by sparring the seventh round. I claim that Hill ordered the seventh round, and promised me on his word of honor that the man having the best of the last round should receive the money. I leave it to those who witnessed the contest to decide who had the best of the sixth and last round. I agreed to Hill as referee, feeling he would decide the contest on its merits. All my tournaments in England were conducted under same stipulations, and the referee's decisions were promptly given and adhered to. The trouble arose with Hill, who, having once declared Mitchell the winner, should not have reversed his decision.

WILLIAM MADDEN.

A GLOVE contest is to be given at Leadville, Col., between Jack Hanley and John P. Clow. The match was arranged on Sept. 26, when the following agreement was signed. These articles of agreement made between John P. Clow, of Denver, and John Hanley, of Leadville, Col., witnesseth:

John P. Clow does hereby agree to knock out of time John Hanley in six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$100 a side and all of the gate receipts, the contest to take place at the Zoo theatre, Leadville, Col., on October 14, 1883. It is further agreed, that if the said Jack Hanley fails to come to time on the call of the seventh round, he shall be considered "stopped," and forfeit all claim to battle money and gate receipts. As an earnest of our intentions, we deposit on this 26th day of September, 1883, \$25 a side in the hands of E. H. Angell, of Leadville, Col., as a temporary stakeholder, and the final deposit of \$75 a side on the 6th day of October, 1883, between the hours of 7 and 10 P. M., at John Murphy's "Sullivan Exchange" saloon, 516 Harrison avenue, when it is agreed that we shall agree upon a final stakeholder.

We hereby agree to abide by the above.
(Signed) JACK HANLEY,
JOHN P. CLOW.Witness for Hanley, E. H. ANGELL.
Witness for Clow, JOHN MURPHY.

W. G. GEORGE and W. Snook again met in a one-mile race at the South London Harriers' sports, England, September 22, in the presence of more than 6,000 people. The London Sporting Life gives the following account of the race: "W. G. George, 1st; W. Snook, 2d. Both men got great receptions when they came out, and there was great excitement when they toed the mark. Snook jumped off first, and after going 30 yards was, apparently on sufferance, 2 yards to the good. They were content to retain these positions, and passed the quarter in 59.35s, and ran through the second lap without any noticeable change. The half was accomplished in 2m 7.35s, and 1,000 yards in 2m 27.25s. About 50 yards beyond this point George made his first spurt, and before another 50 yards had been run was leading by 2 yards. So they passed the three-quarter mile—3m 18.35s. Racing now began in earnest. Snook went up again, and the pair were neck and neck at the baths. A magnificent struggle followed; 1,500 yards was made in 3m 46s. Now the pair were fairly sprinting. At the gasometers George slowly drew out to 3 yards. Snook was doing all he knew, but was gradually losing ground. In the straight he was 5 or 6 yards to the bad, and seeing pursuit hopeless, he stopped, a score of yards from the tape. George trotted for the last dozen yards; had he but kept up his previous rate of travelling he could have improved nearly a second. Time, 4m 23.25s.

AS the church bells were tolling for the morning service on a recent Sunday, a crowd of sporting men from Greenpoint and Hunter's Point assembled in the Export lumber yard, at Hunter's Point, L. I.,

to witness a prize fight between Charley Ostrander, of Hunter's Point, and Mike Calahan, of Greenpoint. Both are employed in the lumber yard. The fight was for a purse of \$100, and under the rules of the London prize ring. Ostrander is five feet ten inches tall, and weighed 180 pounds. Calahan is an inch taller and weighs 185 pounds. Ostrander was the more scientific fighter and took the lead from the start. In the first round Ostrander knocked Calahan down after fighting four minutes—the knock-down ending the round. In the second round Calahan received severe punishment. Ostrander seized him around the waist, lifted him into the air and threw him into one corner of the ring. The crowd shouted for Ostrander, and Calahan was picked up and sponged off. When time was called for the third round Calahan was very weak, and during the next round received terrible punishment. Ostrander was very fresh and asked Calahan's seconds to take their man away or he would kill him. Calahan, however, was game until the last, but was finally knocked out of time. At the completion of the round he was carried out of the ring almost insensible and with his face almost unrecognizable. The stakes were awarded to Ostrander.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS still believes Wm. Sheriff, the "Prussian," can whip Mitchell. On October 8 Chambers called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and producing \$1,000 said: "I will back Sheriff for this \$1,000 to fight Charley Mitchell, either according to the rules of the London prize ring or Queensberry rules. If the match is to be with gloves (displaying a ponderous bunch of fives that had won for himself fame and glory in the arena), I will agree to fight in Mexico; or if it is to be with gloves any place we will suit. If Mitchell don't accept and returns to England every one will know that he is afraid to meet Sheriff, because he knows the Prussian can do him." "Why not agree to fight near New Orleans or some spot nearer?" said one of the party. "No," said Chambers. "When you are going to have a fight with bare knuckles, it is best to have it decided outside the United States, and Mexico is the place." "Jem Mace is eager to match Jack Davis to fight any pugilist in the world except Sullivan," said a sporting man. "Why don't he put up some money?" "Sheriff, I tell you," said Chambers, becoming excited, "shall fight anybody and he don't bar Sullivan; do you?" "No," said Sheriff, "I will fight anybody that you desire to match me against, and I do not care who it is." "I will put up \$1,000 for Sheriff to fight Sullivan in a room, with ten men a side, or I will make the same match with Mitchell, Davis or any pugilist living. I tell you," said Chambers, "I have the best man in the world, and the sporting public will have to acknowledge it when Sullivan, the champion, refuses to fight him."

BILLY LYNN, of Butte City, Montana, who fought Jack Waite, writes to Richard K. Fox and requests him to publish the following in the POLICE GAZETTE: "I see in the last issue of your valuable paper an article with reference to my fight with Jack Waite, which is incorrect. You state in your report that we fought at the race track for \$500 a side, which is a mistake. The match came about in the following way: Jack Waite was tendered a benefit, and he asked me to wind up with him. I consented to do so, but in the meantime I got my foot hurt, which prevented me from appearing. Waite put a card in the papers stating that he could knock me out in three rounds with gloves. I replied by issuing a challenge to fight with bare knuckles for \$50 a side. The match was arranged on the night of the 24th August. We fought the following day in Jefferson county, eight miles from Butte City. Waite was 34 pounds heavier and four inches taller than me, and after fighting three hours Waite made a rush for me. I jumped to one side, but unfortunately hit my toe against a stone and my foot turned under me and I fell. His seconds appealed to the referee and he decided the battle against me. The referee had never seen a prize fight before. I did not desire to win by a foul or I could have done so, as Waite, when I was down, jumped on me and kicked me, which, as every one knows, justified my claiming the fight, but I told my seconds not to do so. Waite did not whip me, and what is more he can't do it, and I am here to back up what I say. Waite's backers were bound to have the referee's decision by "hook" or by "crook." You can imagine how much I was punished when I was able to go to my work in the mine the following morning."

BILLY LYNN,

Lightweight Champion of the Pacific Coast.

THE International contest at mixed wrestling, open to all comers, for a purse of \$600, with \$300 added by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, began in the Corinthian Academy of Music, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 10. Following were the entries: Duncan C. Ross, Louisville, Ky., champion at mixed wrestling; H. M. Dufur, Marlboro, Mass., champion at collar-and-elbow wrestling; George W. Flagg, Braintree, Vt.; Dennis Gallagher, Buffalo; Merwin Thompson, Rochester; Peter Kearns, Rochester. The first three named deposited \$200 each. The others were not required to put up any entrance money. The conditions were that each man wrestle each competitor three times: Once side hold in harness, once catch-as-catch-can, and once collar-and-elbow, the winner of the greatest number of falls to be the winner of the championship. Previous to the opening of the theatre several bets of \$100 and \$200 were made that Ross would win. In all sixteen bouts were wrestled on the first night. The contest in many respects was one of the best in the history of wrestling. Following is the score: Dufur won three, lost none; Ross won five, lost one; Flagg won three, lost three; Thompson won three, lost three; Gallagher won two, lost three; Kearns won none, lost six. The only time Ross was defeated was in his contest at collar-and-elbow with Dufur. The shortest bouts were between Ross and Flagg and Kearns and Thompson, each occupying 2m. The longest contest, which lasted 10½m, was between Ross and Gallagher, of Buffalo, at catch-as-catch-can. There was wide difference in the respective strength and size of the men, but in skill and agility they were about equal. The Scotch athlete had great difficulty in getting the Buffalo boy on his back, and he finally had to resort to his strength and picked him up like a baby. He held him aloft in his arms, exhibited him to the audience, and then gently laid the boy down on the carpet. The tournament concluded on Oct. 11. Duncan C. Ross was then announced as the winner of the trophy and first money. Thompson and Gallagher wrestled off for second prize. They went to work at side hold, and Gallagher won the first bout in 2m. Their second bout was the same hold, and the fall was given to Thompson on the ground that Gallagher broke his hold. They then wrestled at collar-and-elbow, which was won by Thompson, who injured Gallagher by falling heavily on him. H. M. Dufur retired from the contest, claiming that the referee, Wm. E. Harding, did not give him a fair show.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. C. S. ELLIS, Wafash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years, but during the last two years has entirely abstained. He thinks the Acid Phosphate is of much benefit to him."

At Mahanoy City, Pa., on October 6, a large crowd of sporting men of Schuylkill and Luzerne counties was attracted by the 125-yard running race between Charles Price, of Stockton, Luzerne county, and Patrick Herron, of Coal Dale. The race was for \$300 a side, which amount Edward K. Fox held. The race was exciting throughout, Herron winning by only two feet. Owing to the heavy track good time was out of the question, and no time was taken. The betting was heavy. Adsets, the pool-seller, alone holding between \$1,200 and \$1,400. At least \$5,000 changed hands on the race. John Goulding trained the winner, and P. J. Cannon the loser. James Smith was referee.

The following is a summary of bicycle races at the Athletic park, Washington, D. C., on Oct. 5: Two miles, open to all amateurs. A. H. Johnson, of England, first; J. C. Smith, of England, second. Time, 8:37 1/2. Quarter-mile race, for Capital club members only. J. McK. Borden first, and E. A. Newman, second. Time, 49 1/2. One-mile professional race, three heats. First heat won by John Keen, of England, with John S. Prince, of Washington, D. C., second; second and third heats won by Prince, with Keen second. Time, 3:03 1/2, 3:07 1/2, and 3:06 1/2. Five miles, open only to Capital Bicycle club members. B. W. Hanna first, and J. McK. Borden second. Time, 16:47 1/2. One mile handicap, open to all amateurs. Won by B. W. Hanna in 2:45 1/2. Half mile ride-and-run race, open to all amateurs. Won by A. B. Robinson.

At the Aston Lower grounds, Birmingham, England, on Sept. 15, the rival amateur runners, W. G. George and W. Snook, met in a race of 1,500 yards. The London Sporting Life gives the following account of the race, which was easily won by George: "W. G. George, 1st; W. Snook, 2d; T. Thornton, 3d; E. Wright, 4th. All four got away to a good start, Snook at once forcing the pace, but after going about 400 yds George passed him, and finished the 500 yds in 1m 5s. Snook again made the pace, with George about two yards behind, Thornton being five yards in the rear, and Wright some distance behind. Snook continued to make the pace, and finished the half mile in 2m 10s, and the 1,000 yds in 2m 27s. Here George dashed away, and Snook easing, he won by four yards, Thornton being five yards behind. Time, 3m 39 1/2-5s."

JOHN H. CLARK, of Philadelphia, when spoken to about the recent glove contest between Charley Mitchell and Wm. Sheriff, said: "I will bet anything from \$100 to \$1,000 that neither one of those men can knock me out of time or stop me in four or six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. I do not make this assertion boastfully, nor with a desire to gain notoriety, but simply because I have been asked so often whether I felt able to meet Mitchell or Sheriff that I simply wish to define my position. There has been so much talk about knocking out, and so little of it done, that people are getting tired of hearing about it. If either Mitchell or Sheriff think they can do me up with soft gloves I am willing to let them try." This announcement will no doubt be regarded as an important one by patrons of the art of self-defense, as it is the first time that Clark has expressed himself since the recent revival in pugilistic science.

NO 54,833
TOOK THE FIRST PRIZE, \$30,000, IN THE INITIAL DRAWING OF THE HENRY COLLEGE LOTTERY.
The Henry College Lottery Company held its first monthly drawing at the Masonic Temple yesterday, beginning at 10 o'clock. A large audience was in attendance and Schneider's orchestra discoursed music. A long table was stretched across the stage, on which were placed, numerically, the 100,000 tickets of the drawing. Mr. J. T. Hayden, of Newcastle, Ky., one of the trustees of the Henry College, was present to represent the interests of the college. Judge W. B. Hoke and Col. W. H. Meffert, the commissioners of the drawing, were on hand. When the curtain went up Judge Hoke addressed the audience and assured them that the drawing was to be absolutely fair. He called on the audience to call the numbers of the tickets and see him place the tax with the numbers on into the wheel, and send three gentlemen to the stage to examine into the matter for them. Mr. Charles E. Parrent, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; F. M. Abbott, of Henry county, Ky., and Geo. Kitzro, of this city, responded to the call and went upon the stage. A great many numbers were given, and the committee was assisted by Judge Hoke in placing the tickets on the table. This was kept up until the audience became anxious for the drawing to proceed. The 100,000 tickets were then placed in the big wheel in the presence of the audience, and the prizes in the little wheel. The drawing began with the ball of ticket 67,490, and Col. Meffert responded with the prize of \$20, which the ticket drew. After waiting for an hour, the capital prize of \$30,000 was announced in company with ticket 54,833. Inquiry being made by two gentlemen as to when the prizes would be paid, Mr. Charles E. Parrent asked them what interest they had in that feature; whereupon they exhibited a ticket that called for \$500. They were Messrs. Faulk and Baker, of Edgewood, Effingham Co., Ill. Ticket No. 54,833, drawing the \$30,000 prize, sent to R. W. Irvine, No. 238 Scott St., Covington, Ky.; No. 68,041, drawing the \$10,000 prize, sent to Fred. Kirby, No. 79 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; No. 21,267, drawing the \$5,000 prize, sent to Jersey City, N. J.; No. 60,741, \$2,500, San Francisco, Cal.; No. 32,623, \$2,500, Louisville, Ky.; No. 78,623, \$1,000, sold to Samuel A. Gaylord, No. 37 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.; No. 65,099, \$1,000, sold at Port Huron, Mich. Next public drawing, allowing every one the right to see his number go into the wheel, has taken place in Louisville, Ky., Thursday, Oct. 25th, 1883. Capital prize, \$30,000; 1,257 prizes, amounting to \$10,400. Tickets, \$2 each; halves, \$1; 27 tickets, \$50; 55 tickets, \$100. Orders for tickets have been addressed to J. J. Longias, Louisville, Ky.—[From the Louisville Courier-Journal, Sept. 28th.]

NO STORM CAN SHAKE ITS SECURE FOUNDATION.
It matters not what political revolutions occur, or what opinions gain the public mind, with unvarying regularity the Monthly Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery occur. The 160th event we chronicle as follows: It happened, as usual, at New Orleans, on the second Tuesday in September, 1883. Ticket No. 67,319 (sold in fifth at \$1 each) won the first capital prize of \$75,000, one-fifth of which was collected by Mr. Martin Croker, a well known merchant of Morgan City, La., for his neighbor, Mrs. Charles Livingston, an estimable colored woman; another fifth by Mr. J. W. Babo, a seller hold, of Marigny and Chalonne Sts., New Orleans. Ticket No. 18,570 drew the second capital prize of \$25,000, the name of the holder of which is withheld. Ticket No. 77,829 drew the third capital prize of \$10,000—sold in fifth—one to W. C. Merrill, of Albert Lea, Minn.; one to A. Miller, No. 72 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.; tickets Nos. 3,496 and 11,587 drew the fourth capital prizes of \$5,000 each, and were sold in fifth to various holders scattered here and there—among others Charles L. Mayer, care of Hirsch, Mayer & Co., No. 160 Market St., Chicago, Ill., and to parties in Boston, Mass., on the East and Steele P. O., Dakota, on the West, and so from Dan to Beersheba the good work of enriching the poor goes on. M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., will freely give any information on application.

RUNNING SORE.
I had the misfortune of having my leg broken, in front of William Stern's dry goods store, by a case of goods being thrown on me. The bone was set by a physician in the place. Upon removing the splints, sores broke out from my knee to the heel, and several physicians called it varicose veins, and ordered me to wear rubber stockings. After wearing out about \$25 worth of different makes without any signs of any cure, I bought the CUTICURA REMEDIES for the purpose, as I expressed it at the time, to be humbugged again. Before half had been used I was astonished to see the sores heal up one by one, and now not one sore is to be seen. I recommended the same to a neighbor lady who had been troubled for years with a sore wrist. After using hundreds of remedies she is completely cured.
HENRY LANDECKER.
DOVER, N. H.

A SAILOR THIRTY YEARS.
About three months ago I was taken with severe pains in the small of my back, in the region of the kidneys, from which I became a terrible sufferer. I consulted with a number of physicians, and finally placed myself under their treatment, they telling me I had the sciatic rheumatism and kidney complaint.
On examination, my urine was found to be in a very bad condition, of a very dark color, and impregnated with a heavy red brick-dust deposit, and very offensive. I had the most careful and best medical attendance, and tried all the popular remedies without experiencing any relief. Fortunately about this time the virtue of Hunt's Remedy being called to my attention, I bought and used a bottle, with such satisfactory result that I continued on for six weeks, when, having used four bottles, I found I was as well as ever and entirely cured. All pains left me, my water returned to its natural color. I am now in excellent health, and able to attend to my business (grocery).
Whenever an opportunity occurs to recommend your valuable medicine I always do so, as I am confident it will do all you claim for it, and that every time.
Yours, with gratitude,
(CAPT. JOHN KIMBALL.
NEW LONDON, CONN., May 9, 1883.

ALEXANDER'S CASE.
About one year ago I was taken with a severe attack of disease of the kidneys, from which I suffered severely. I applied to our local physician, and not receiving any help I called on Mr. John A. Morgan, our druggist, and stated my case. He immediately handed me a bottle of Hunt's Remedy, offering it as the great specific for that complaint. I commenced using it at once, and from the very start I began to improve, and by the time I had used the bottle was entirely well. I would advise any persons having difficulty with the kidneys to give Hunt's Remedy a trial. I know of one case besides my own being cured, and would cheerfully recommend it to any one.
CHARLES H. ALEXANDER,
Foreman Dye House, Sheluckett Mills,
May 8, 1883. Greenville, Conn.

OUT ON SATURDAYS.

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